National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

A PIECE OF GROSS METHODIST DOUGHFACEISM.

From The Philadelphia Morning Times.

WE call the particular attention of all our readers, and especially of all members of the Methodist Episcopal Churches in our city, to the following *facts:*

The Rev. John Dixon Long is a reputable and irreproachable minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member in full standing of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of that Church. He was born and has lived, until a few months ago, in the State of Maryland. He was reared in the midst of slavery. His father was a slaveholder, and all of Mr. Long's connections, associations, experiences and observations have hitherto been in Maryland. Mr. Long, whose ill-health has, for a year or two past, compelled him to desist from the more active labours of the Methodist ministry, has employed his leisure in writing a book, called "Pictures of Slavery in Church and State." This book has recently been published, and is nothing else than a plain, simple, modest, and unvarnished statement of what he has seen of negro slavery, what he knows about it, and what he thinks of it as a man and a Christian. Without any pretence to beauty of style or profound thought, Mr. Long's book is the straightforward narrative and utterance of an honest and earnest disciple of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captive." No one can read the book without being profoundly impressed with its humble, decorous, gentlemanly and religious tone. Every word in it breathes of piety, goodwill, gentleness and courtesy. Not a word in it can possibly offend the most fastidious taste or morality.

But the book speaks of *slavery as it is, and as a good man views it.* Of course, then, the book is strongly opposed to and condemns slavery. It is an anti-slavery work.

Now, the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States maintains a Conference Tract Society. The object of this Society is to publish and disseminate, gratuitously and otherwise, books, publications, and tracts, in favour of Christianity, pure morals, and the peculiarities of Methodist doctrine and discipline. This Society has a Depository or book-store at No. 119 North Sixth street, above Arch, where many or most of the principal evangelical religious and moral books of the day are kept for sale. The Rev. Andrew Manship is the Agent for the Tract Society.

Some four weeks ago, the Rev. Mr. Long took several copies of his book to the Tract Society book-store, and requested that they should be sold there on commission, just as they sold other books in a similar way. Mr. Manship positively refused to allow this. Mr. Long then made the same request of the Board of Managers of the Society, or of some of them; but this second request was also refused by a quorum of Managers, consisting of Mr. Manship, James B. Longacre, Esq. *(who is an engraver and employé in the United States Mint, where they issue the latest coinage with the word "liberty" erased),* and Colson Heiskell, Esq., a wealthy Market street merchant, who probably sells goods to Southern customers.

It will be observed the Philadelphia Conference Tract Society, or rather its pro-slavery managers, exclude from their book-store a decorous, religious book, written by a Methodist writer of the best standing, *simply because the book condemns negro slavery as wrong.*

Now, mark the reverse of this picture.

Every one has heard of the notorious "Parson Brownlow," of Tennessee. He was once an itinerant Methodist preacher. He is now a "local preacher" of the "Methodist Church South," that is the Methodist Southern Church, which seceded from the old Church, because it would not allow its bishops to hold slaves. This Brownlow is infamous all over the Union for his proverbial and unequalled bitterness and scurrility as a politician. But he also dabbles in ontological warfare. In reply to some slang-whang attack on Methodist peculiarities, by one Graves, called "The Great Iron Wheel," this Brownlow has gotten up a reply, called "The Great Iron Wheel Examined." This precious production of Brownlow is crammed with the most loathsome abuse of his opponents, with the most indecent obscenity, with incitements to revenge, fighting, lynching, and rioting, and winds up with a *defence of human slavery, as perfectly and eternally right.*

Now, be it observed that this book of Brownlow has been and is regularly and publicly exposed for sale and sold at this very Tract book-store!

We subjoin some gems from this book disseminated by the agency of the Philadelphia Conference Society:

"I was engaged in defence of one of the political parties of the country, and in promoting the internal improvement schemes of our State, and did not choose to occupy my columns in a controversy of this kind with a humiliating spectacle of vice and depravity literally crawling in the dust of contention! This unwillingness of mine to handy epithets with an inflated *gasometer*, whose brain I believed to be a mass of living, creeping, crawling, writhing, twisting, turning, loathsome vermin, he politely construed into a want of *courage* on my part to encounter the *caitiff* of the Tennessee *Baptist*. I confess to a want of moral courage to meet one who eats carrion like the buzzard, and then vomits the mass of corruption upon decent human beings. * * * a *clerical blackguard*, whose grovelling passions assume full sway on all occasions, and whose innumerable moral delinquencies are enveloped in clouds of moral prostitution—lost to every truly Christian restraint, degraded in his taste, immoral in some of his practices, villanous in his nature, corrupt in his principles, sold to the enemy of God and man, and disgracing, in all his hideous deformity, how pitiful, how sordid, how little, and how wretched is this apology for a Christian minister!"

Speaking of the Rev. F. A. Ross, now notorious in the Presbyterian Church:

"Mr. Ross, of himself, is a low-bred, false-hearted, adulterous and unprincipled *free negro*, unworthy of the notice of the high-standing and literary rank of the President of Emory and Henry College."

Methodists of the Old Church, hear Brownlow on the separation of 1844:

"Graves *ridicules* the Methodist Church for the separation which took place in 1844, and attributes the cause to the government of the Church and the ambition of a corrupt and designing ministry! That was a glorious act on the part of the Methodist Church, and a proud day in her history. It was the *Abolitionists* of the North who rent in twain the Methodist Church, in 1844. I will let Mr. Calhoun state the case, as he did in his *dying speech* in the United States Senate, on the 4th of March, 1850. He was posted on the slavery question in all its bearings. Speaking of the effect of the Abolition agitation upon the religious cords which assisted in holding the Union together, he said:

"'The first of these cords which snapped under its explosive force (Abolitionism) was that of the powerful Methodist Episcopal Church. The numerous and strong ties which held it together are all broke, and its unity gone.'"

Read the following attempt to excite slaveholding prejudice and *mobbing* against Graves:

"And now, people of the South, why is it that Elder Graves can publish a book of 570 pages north of Mason and Dixon's line, WHERE HE WAS BORN, and discuss so many different subjects, some of them growing directly out of the slavery agitation, and never say one word AGAINST ABOLITIONISM, or one word in favour of SOUTHERN SLAVERY? After leaving New England, it is said that he took up his abode in the 'Western Reserve,' in Ohio, and in Indiana, the great theatre of free-soilism! It has, moreover, been said of him that he was an *Abolitionist* before he came here to reside! One thing is certain—he *keeps very dark* upon this grave question, and ought to be made to come out explicitly, if he concludes to take up his permanent abode in the South.

"We are on the eve of unconjecturable events, and every Southern man ought to show his hand. Look at the conduct of Congress! A struggle of unequalled fury is swiftly approaching us; and if the ties of our cherished Union come out of it unrent, they are made of sterner stuff than the history of the past would seem to warrant! The bonds of the Union have resisted political agitation, but can they withstand religious fury? Abolitionism has travelled from political dominion to religious conviction, and has infected the whole mind and heart of the North. Under its palsying touch, some of the strongest cords that held the Union together have snapped; others are now assailed, and I fear will give way! Elder Graves is suspected of unsoundness upon this question; and if these suspicions be well-grounded, as I have reason to fear they are, he is a dangerous man to be operating in the South!"

Again:

"The *Southern* portion of the Methodist Church had no other alternative left them but to separate from their Free Soil brethren of the North; and, as a Southern man, I endorse their act of separation most heartily."

Read the following appeal to Southern *mobs:*

"And the people of the South should require this *adopted citizen*, Elder Graves, to state, in unmistakable terms, whether or not he now entertains the same feelings and views, touching the great slavery question, that he did while a citizen of the 'Western Reserve' in Ohio, where abolitionism is a *trade* with nine-tenths of the inhabitants. *Let Mr. Graves be interrogated, and forced to define his position at once, or leave the South in hot haste!*"

Republican Methodists, read this:

"The slavery agitation, that has been buried by the Compromise acts of 1850, is anew lifting its head, and, under the piratical flag of 'Black Republicanism,' asserting the rights of 'human liberty'; her infernal altars smoke with fresh incense, and enlisted in her defence are scores of designing men in the South—some filling pulpits, some occupying high positions in colleges and academies, and who, though among us, are 'not of us,' our Southern friends may rest assured!"

Again:

"I believe that the primitive Christians held slaves in bondage, and that the Apostles favoured slavery by admitting slaveholders into the Church, and by promoting them to official stations in the Church. And why do I believe this? Because I am sustained in these positions by uninterrupted historical testimony! I have seen similar views, only not quite so strong, urged by gentlemen who even go against slavery, as it exists in the South—among whom I name the Rev Dr. Durbin, a gentleman of great learning, extensive research, and of undoubted piety. He boldly affirms that slaveholders were admitted into the apostolic Churches, in an elaborate paper which appears in the New York *Christian Advocate and Journal*, in December, 1855. I took the same gospel in a newspaper six months with an Ohio Abolitionist, even three years ago!"

On the abstract question of slavery, hear the precious Parson:

"*Secondly:* The early Church not only admitted the existence of slavery, but, in various ways, by her teachings and discipline, expressed her *approbation* of it, enforcing the observance of certain *fugitive slave laws* which had been enacted by the State.

"*Thirdly:* My investigations of this subject have led me regularly, gradually, certainly to the conclusion that God intended the relation of master and slave to exist. * * * * *

"*Fifthly:* Slavery having existed ever since the first organization of the Church, the Scriptures clearly teach that it will exist even to the end of time.

"In conclusion, the Methodist Church South occupies true Scriptural ground upon the subject of slavery, and is now exercising proper Christian authority over her slaveholding members, enforcing the duties which grow out of the relation of a *Christian master* to his *dependent slave*, whether the latter be religious or irreligious, and out of the relations of both to the Church."

On page 240 is a picture representing Graves in the act of changing his clothes before ladies!

On page 263 is a picture representing a man in the act of beating another. As an accompaniment to the picture, Brownlow says:

"It was in the month of September, 1853, just before the meeting of the Legislature, that an ex-Member of Congress and an able lawyer followed him round the Square, until he found him at a drug store, occupied by a member of the Baptist Church, and there and then did chastise and publicly cane the aforesaid J. R. Graves—a scene which the reader will herewith find represented by an appropriate engraving. This was for slandering a female of reputable standing, through the editorial columns of his vile paper, to the detriment of good morals, and in violation of the decencies of private life. * * This is the man who boasts of his arduous labours in the cause of God, and of his toils and sufferings for the gospel's sake! His professed consciousness of a well-spent life is in fact a *living lie!* Look at his deeds!"

And *this* book—this vile, obscene, rowdy book—this book that justifies slavery and ruffianism, is sold and spread by the very gentry who are too *squeamish* to allow the sale of Mr. Long's book!

Messrs. Manship, Longacre, Heiskell, & Co., are you not ashamed of yourselves? Is it *thus* that *you* diffuse morality and religion? Out upon your miserable doughfacery, which is so craven that it trembles at the bare apprehension of your Southern masters' frown! Shame on ye! Glorious, brave, heroic old John Wesley—he who hated slavery as the "sum of all villanies"—would refuse to own ye as his followers! Sainted shades of Asbury, Coke, Abbott, Emory, Watson and Fletcher—who were in your days such brave denouncers of *all* sin, slavery included—have your successors come to be such *cowards* that they *dare* not denounce a *hellish wrong* for fear of persecution or temporal loss?

We intend no disrespect to Methodism. We revere and love that Church, and have every reason to do so. Nearly all its members and ministers in the free States are staunch Republicans. Philadelphia is an exception. But it is for the members and ministry of the Philadelphia Conference to say whether they will tamely submit to have a book of one of their ministers ostracised by the pro-slavery fanaticism or the unmanly cowardice of a few managers of their Tract Society.

[Communication.]

To the Editor of The Philadelphia Morning Times.

In an editorial article in the *Morning Times* of Thursday, the 16th inst., headed "A Piece of Gross Methodist Doughfaceism," a gross and unwarrantable attack is made upon us personally, for the reason, as alleged, that, as officers of the Philadelphia Conference Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we had declined to sanction the sale at the Depository of a book written by a certain Rev. J. D. Long, entitled "Pictures of Slavery in Church and State." The article, besides being deficient in that courtesy which is due to personal rights by the usage of good society, abounds in misstatements respecting our agency and motives.

We met the Rev. J. D. Long at the Depository, and were asked to take his book and sell it for him; this we were not warranted in doing at the time, because it had not been read and examined by the proper committee to which that duty belongs; and we knew that objections had been made to the book by persons of sound judgment, both ministers and members of the Church. Mr. Long appeared displeased with our hesitation and refusal to comply with his request, although any other course would have been inconsistent with the trust we held; he manifested this displeasure by attempting to intimidate us into a compliance with his wishes, by threatening to *publish* us as being opposed to the anti-slavery principles contained in his book; while the book, as stated, had never been examined or acted upon by the only authority competent on behalf of the Society to decide on its merits. We heard nothing more from the Reverend gentleman until the appearance of the article in question, since which it has been surmised that the *refuge* of the editorial chair of the *Morning Times* had been sought for the purpose of carrying out his threat.

In the discharge of our duties to the Tract Society, we have a different and, as we conceive, a higher purpose to serve than that of lending the influence of the Society to the circulation of partisan views on either side of questions that are now notoriously the badges of political warfare throughout the country; our duties are restricted to the circulation of books and tracts, such as are believed or known to be fully approved by the Church with which we are connected; and the book in question has, as yet, no official recognition, as would justify a different course from that we have taken.

It may not be improper to state that the want of the official sanction for the sale of a book, by the committee, is not understood to preclude the purchase of single copies by the agent of the Society, when specially ordered by a correspondent; and this provision is just as applicable to Mr. Long's book as to any other.

The article is extended by extracts from a controversial book by Brownlow, which it is asserted "is regularly and publicly exposed for sale" at the Depository. In reply to this assertion, we have to say that Brownlow's book, whatever its merits or demerits, has never been before the authorized committee for approval or rejection—consequently its sale could never have been sanctioned; it has not been read, approved or sold by authority of the Tract Society, and the attempt to hold us to any responsibility for its sentiments is as ridiculous as unjust.

Some copies appear to have reached the hands of our Conference Agent. Mr. Manship, in the way of a private exchange; but of this transaction neither the Book Committee nor the Board of Managers were advised, and, being entirely a personal affair of Mr. Manship, it was beyond their supervision.

We have also been informed that the Rev. J. D. Long called on the Depository Agent, Mr. Peterson, and urged him to sell a single copy, that had been left in the Depository without the knowledge of the Committee, which, however, the agent refused, and told him distinctly that the book was not sold by the Society. The object of Mr. Long, in this effort, we must leave to conjecture!

The extracts in the article referred to, professing to be from Brownlow's book, constitute the first acquaintance the Committee have had with the sentiments or style by which it is characterized; and we are not without apprehension that the singularity of these extracts may induce some persons to regard them, with all their defective civility, as the most interesting part of the article.

As the paper containing this attack is given to the public without the name of the editor, and deeming it inconsistent with the respect due to ourselves to answer, before the public, an anonymous assault under our own proper signatures, although the phraseology we think less derogatory to ourselves than to the party employing it, in the use of an appellative stigma as indecorous as it is undeserved, and while we protest against receiving it at any other hand, you cannot fail to recognise us as the persons *you alone* have represented as "Methodist Doughfaces."

MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE TRACT SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The above communication comes from certain "members of the Executive Committee of the Philadelphia Conference Tract Society"; that is, of course, from Rev. A. Manship, Mr. James B. Longacre, and Mr. Colson Heiskell. These gentlemen do not sign their names to the communication, because, forsooth, this journal *does not give the name of its editor!* These gentlemen consider an editorial in the *Times* an "anonymous" assault! How superlative is the dignity of these gentlemen! Louis Napoleon's censorship law would suit them exactly; for it requires that all editorials shall have the name or designation of the writer appended; and thus all rude and unmannerly utterances in behalf of freedom and justice can be condignly punished, by consigning the writer to Vincennes or Cayenne.

The communication amounts to a virtual confession of the truth of our charges. As to Brownlow's book the gentlemen are very gingerly. Be it observed that they have no hesitation whatever in speaking of "objections" made to Mr. Long's book, and in insinuating that it contains "partisan views." They had heard of *this* book before they were called upon to notice it officially. But of Brownlow's book they profess to have been quite ignorant, until *we* called attention to it. But even *now* they are careful to refrain from expressing any *condemnation* of its style or sentiments. Careful souls! "Whatever its *merits* or demerits," they *do* go so far as to admit "its defective civility!"

But the gentlemen deny that the sale of Brownlow's book has been "sanctioned" or "approved" by "authority of the Tract Society"; that is to say, that book "has never been before the authorized committee for approval or rejection."

Now, this denial is a mere quibbling evasion, unworthy of Messrs. Manship, Longacre and Heiskell. Rev. Mr. Manship is the Agent of the Society; he is under the control of the Managers. No matter in what way he got the books, *he* DID "*publicly and regularly expose them for sale in the Depository or Book Room of the Society,*" Brownlow's infamous book stood on the shelves *for sale,* and, for aught we know, *stands there yet.* It certainly did *a few days ago.* It was sold to any and every one who asked for it, and paid for it.

It is not true, as the gentlemen assert, that Mr. Long was refused a copy of Brownlow's book. Mr. Long *did* buy a copy of the book there, and *paid* for it, *and has* Mr. Manship's *receipt to show that he paid for it.*

What if Mr. Manship did get the book by way of private exchange—what if he did not get as many copies as of other works?—the fact stands out, patent and gross, that *the Agent of the Philadelphia Conference Tract Society did, upon the shelves of its Book Room, expose Brownlow's scurrilous pro-slavery book for sale.*

Now, be it observed, *the Agent* would not have dared to *sell* this book thus publicly at the Tract Room unless he had felt *sure* that these gentlemen would not condemn him. And *have* they condemned him? Do they tell the public that Mr. Manship did wrong? Do they declare that Brownlow's book shall not be again sold at the Tract counter? Nothing of the kind. *They join their agent in defence of his course.* They say that Mr. Manship's sale of Brownlow's book being "entirely a personal affair of Mr. Manship, it was beyond their supervision or control." Indeed! Was it "beyond their supervision or control" when the book was publicly sold at the Tract Book Room?

Messrs. Manship, Longacre and Heiskell, why are you not bold and frank? Why do you not say the simple truth—that this book, though not particularly passed upon in any formal meeting of the Board or of Committee, was nevertheless publicly sold at the Tract Book Room by one of yourselves—by your Society Agent—because he knew that you would not object to its good Southern, conservative, anti-abolition sentiments? Hear us, gentlemen! Your communication is too short. You make omissions. We *dare* you to express disapproval of the sentiments of Brownlow's book, as you do of Long's book! We publicly *dare* you to tell the world that your Board or Executive Committee have forbidden the sale of Brownlow's book at the Tract Depository! No extra dignity will suffice for the occasion. Putting on solemn airs will only provoke the irreverent laugh of those who believe in freedom and human rights. You are just as amenable to the press as mere secular gentlemen, even if some presses are mere "political papers." You can afford to slight the Satanic, whiskeyite, slavery-defending press; but it won't do, even for Tract Society Managers, to suck their fingers in sulky silence at presses which work for man's rights and God's justice! Pro-slavery religion is *not* as good as the "politics" which advocates humanity and freedom. So tell us, Messrs. Manship, Longacre and Heiskell, is Brownlow's book *still* sold at the counter of your Tract Depository?

But let us be understood. *We* are not objecting to the sale of any book at the Tract counter. We only desire fair play. If Brownlow's book is to be sold at the Tract Depository, Long's book should be sold there too. If a pro-slavery book, filthy in style, and containing approval of ruffian beatings and incitements to mobbings, may be sold by the Tract Agent of the Philadelphia Conference Society, at the Society book-store, with the passive acquiescence of its Managers, we request that a decorous, religious, anti-slavery book be also sold there.

THE FRUITS OF SLAVERY.

LETTER FROM NORTH CAROLINA.

In passing through G—— County, N. C., lately, my attention was directed to a cluster of people, a few rods distant, among whom were pointed out to me a coloured man and his wife, apparently about middle age, who I was told were to be hung at—— before one p. m. The woman had an infant in her arms about three months old!

I inquired the crime, and was told, "Murdering their master." I asked what was the provocation? The story seemed short and simple: "He was probably one of the worst masters in the world"—intemperate and brutish.

Another negro of his had run away (for cruel treatment, doubtless), and he pretended to believe that all his other negroes knew where he was, and perhaps connived at his concealment. He then told them all that they should have nothing to eat until they disclosed to him the whereabouts of the absent one; and in his drunken wrath actually kept them at work during the day, and locked up at night, without food for nearly a week, thinking thus to extort from them some trace of the runaway. Here was "contempt of court."

At last this woman's patience and forbearance could endure no longer. Under the perils of approaching maternity, goaded on to madness by hunger, with the prospect of a double death by starvation, she had doubtless been meditating revenge, and watching an opportunity. Finally she discovered her master temporarily in a somewhat defenceless condition, his nether garments forming a hamper to his movements. Calling her husband to help her, and threatening instant death if he refused, they fell upon him with the fierceness of a tiger, and in a few moments he was bound, and completely in their power.

He now became the *enslaved*, an humble suppliant pleading for mercy, and for his life, at the hands of those he had wronged; promising to make his servants all free if they would spare him. But this "worldly sorrow" they had no faith in, and proceeded to execute their purpose in a way to impress upon him and others some conception of the tortures they had suffered. I omit the details, of which, indeed, I heard but little.

The husband is represented as a weak, simple, harmless creature, not quite idiotic; and, no doubt, acted under the impulsion of fear for his own life in case he refused.

On being arrested, he readily made a full confession, possibly hoping that by this course he might, under the circumstances, be cleared. The woman then also made a full confession, saying that "while committing the act she had no expectation but to be killed the next day."

This very plausible and condensed statement seems naturally to suggest the inquiry, How far does it come short of what the law terms justifiable homicide, or taking life in self-defence? As between two white men there can scarcely be a doubt that such would be the decision. But in this case all the testimony was necessarily given by *slaves;* and between the two races *coloured* testimony, however true and generally believed, goes for nothing.

Of course negroes are not *citizens*, and have no business in court—except to be hung.

At the execution it was said "they manifested very little feeling"—"did not seem to mind it," &c. Sure enough, and why should they, with all the world against them, the law at their throats, and the savage rabble at their heels, crying out, "Crucify 'em, crucify 'em"? Why should they wish to live any longer?

It seems, indeed, most probable, from all the circumstances, that even before the attack this heroic woman had wrought her mind to a firm determination that she would offer herself a martyr to avenge such cruel treatment of her race, as a warning to others against the like inhumanity.—*Independent.*

OUR NATIONAL POST-OFFICE.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: The last Annual Report of the Post-Office Department gave, after the information had been especially called for by Congress, the postal expenses and postal revenue in each State. The postal expenses, as set down to each State, must not be considered as exact; as, in transportation, a mail route will sometimes commence in one locality like Philadelphia, and extend to another like Washington, through Delaware and Maryland—thus putting down all the expenses of the long route through several States to the one where it commences. But this circumstance will not affect the general result—the general lesson that is to be learned to any extent; for, with singular and almost undeviating regularity, we shall see that, north and east, receipts are large and expenses small; and, as we go south and west, the order is gradually reversed, expenses growing larger and revenue smaller, till we get stopped in the swamps of Florida or Arkansas, or the plains of Texas, where the postal expenses are from three to six times the amount of receipts.

A few years since several experienced officers of the Post-Office Department made an estimate of the number of letters, basing the estimate on the probable number of letters that each dollar, or each $100, of revenue would represent. That estimate is not supposed to be exact, but it is probably within five or eight per cent, and, at any rate, it is alike for all the States and every locality. With this calculation, and on the basis of the revenue and expenses of each State and the Territories, I have made out the statistical table which is given below. Column 1 gives the annual postal revenue of each State; column 2, the number of letters written and mailed during the year (1856); column 3, the sum of money paid in postage by each 1,000 persons in a year; and column 4, the number of letters written by each 1,000 persons. The 5th column gives the postal expenses—the entire sum paid out to keep up the postal establishment in each State, and the 6th column the sum expended for each 1,000 persons in the gross population. In column 7 is added to the postal revenue contributed by the people the proportionate amount of postage due by Government for franked matter and Government documents, at $2,500,000 a year, the estimate of the Post-Office Committee. We see, then, that when Government pays postage at the same rate that the citizen pays, the postal revenue of the State of Maine, for a year, instead of being $152,710 is $210,664. The 8th column shows the proportion that the postal expenses of each State bear to the revenue, after the Government postage has been paid. Thus the postal expenses in Maine bear the same proportion to the postal revenue as 81 to 100 (81 per cent), in Maryland as 102 to 100, and in Arkansas as 610 to 100. To show the geographical bearings of the subject, and the effect of a dense population, and great commercial and intellectual activity, the country is divided into three sections. The first, or North-East Section, takes every State as far south and west as Pennsylvania; the second, or Middle Section, goes to the southern boundary of Virginia and Tennessee to the Mississippi and the western line of Missouri, and includes California. The South-Western Division takes the Gulf States, the States west of the Mississippi (Missouri and California excepted), and the Territories.

States.	Postal Revenue, 1856.	Number of Letters, 1856.	Average per 1,000 persons.	Letters per 1,000 persons.
Maine	$152,710	3,111,403	$245	4,987
New Hampshire	100,000	2,637,459	308	6,289
Vermont	96,639	1,968,980	297	6 058
Massachusetts	557 659	11,362,071	492	19 028
Rhode Island	72 543	1,374 287	375	7,680
Connecticut	190,924	3,889,997	476	9 700
New York	1,436,100	29 259,943	411	8,432
New Jersey	107,738	2,105,117	189	3 862
Pennsylvania	591,220	12,045,863	232	4,737
Total	$3,295,533	67,145,120	$345	7,025
Per Cent	50	51		
Dis. Columbia	43,731	891,000	741	15,101
Delaware	19,648	400 320	202	4 127
Wisconsin	149,676	3,049 586	271	5 525
Iowa	117,415	2,392,283	350	7,141
Maryland	187,104	3,812,166	292	5,956
Ohio	451,707	9,203,343	204	4.154
Michigan	166,183	3,182 164	307	6 252
Illinois	333 620	6,797,370	263	5,468
Indiana	171,410	3,492 409	149	3 037
Kentucky	121,308	2 471 601	111	2 274
Virginia	218 090	4.443.494	144	2 936
Tennessee	101,485	2.067.716	93	1.893
California	765,019	2.769 354	791	8 266
Missouri	141,765	2,888,406	168	3,434
Total	$2,478,161	47,861,212	259	5,007
Per Cent	38	36		
Grand Total	5,773,694	115,006,332	274	5,428
	89	88		
Louisiana	163,579	3,332,854	273	5.552
Georgia	140.070	2,853,868	150	3.052
North Carolina	71.887	1,464,668	78	1.589
South Carolina	91,803	1 870,449	130	2.649
Alabama	109 225	2,225.414	131	2.665
Mississippi	74 444	1,516,765	111	2,257
Texas	68,005	1,385.574	166	2,771
Territories	47 025	818 745	192	3,355
Florida	20 058	408,674	181	3 681
Arkansas	27,882	567,066	110	2.240
Total	$813,928	16,444,077	$141	2,845
Per Cent	11	12		
Grand Total	$6,587,622	131,450,409	$244	4,875

States.	Postal Expenses 1856.	Cost of 10,000 Letters.	Post. Rev. with gross post. add'd.	Prop. of exp. to revenue.	Cost per Let'r.
Maine	$170,745	$549	$210,664	81	2.4
New Hampshire	99.943	491	137,950	72	2 2
Vermont	117.831	598	133,314	85	2 7
Massachusetts	385.989	340	769.290	50	1 5
Rhode Island	39 544	310	86.277	46	1.4
Connecticut	175,161	450	363,380	66	2 0
New York	1,037.316	450	1,981,100	53	1.6
New Jersey	132 336	603	148.624	89	2.7
Pennsylvania	523.796	.435	815,588	64	1.9
Total	$2,682 681	$400	$4,546,187	59	1.8
Per Cent	30		50		
Dis. Columbia	38,161	428	60,336	63	1.9
Delaware	19.477	485	27,103	72	2.2
Wisconsin	170,369	558	206,478	82	2.5
Iowa	153 313	642	161,973	95	2.9
Maryland	263.471	691	453,109	102	3.1
Ohio	670,995	729	623,159	108	3.2
Michigan	232 837	732	216.454	108	3.2
Illinois	553 387	814	460 259	120	3.6
Indiana	303.972	870	236.482	129	3.9
Kentucky	224.422	908	167,343	134	4.0
Virginia	413 993	932	300.855	137	4 1
Tennessee	198.103	958	139,998	141	4.2
California	268.714	970	365 514	74	4 3
Missouri	387,373	995	195,565	147	4 4
Total	$3,798,537	$794	$3,418,618	111	3.3
Per Cent	42		37		
Grand Total	$6,481,218	$564	$7,964,805	81	2.4
Per Cent	72		89		
Louisiana	371,411	1,114	222.657	165	5 0
Georgia	328 406	1,143	192,226	159	5.1
North Carolina	206,068	1,407	99.168	208	6.2
South Carolina	270,437	1,446	126 642	214	6.4
Alabama	324.868	1.460	150 675	216	6 5
Mississippi	248,708	1 639	102.702	242	7.3
Texas	251.553	1,815	93 812	268	8.0
Territories	150,440	1,537	64.871	230	8.2
Florida	105,866	2,588	27,670	382	11 5
Arkansas	234.177	4.130	38 394	610	18.3
Total	$2,489,914	$1,514	$1,122,817	222	6.7
Per Cent	28		11		
Grand Total	$8,971,132	$682	$9,087,622	99	3.0

It will be seen that the First Division has 50 per cent of the postal revenue, while the postal expenses are only 30 per cent of the entire nation. As there was not room in the width of a single column to give the population, I will mention that the population of the North-East Division, in 1856, is only 35 per cent of the whole country, of the Middle Division—District Columbia to Missouri—43 per cent, and of the South-West Division 21 or 22 per cent. The *Grand Total* at the end of the Middle Division shows the footing of the first two Divisions. All of the States as far South as Virginia and Tennessee, inclusive, and as far West as Missouri pay 89 per cent of the Postal Revenue, write 88 per cent of the letters, and yet they have but 72 per cent of the postal expenses, while the rest of the nation—the South-West Division—pays but 11 per cent of the postal revenue, and has 28 per cent of the postal expenses.

Now let us look at the relative position of each State and section as exhibited in columns 6 and 9. For each 10,000 letters mailed in the State of Maine, there is an expense of carrying on the postal business within the State of $549; in Rhode Island for each 10,000 letters an expense of $310, and in our entire New England division—south to New Jersey and Pennsylvania—an average of $400 to each 10,000 letters. We must not think from this that each letter costs 4 cents. For in this calculation the entire expense of our mail service is thrown on the letters; in other words, for each 10,000 letters of all sizes, that are mailed, there is a postal expense of $400 throughout this section. In this no account is made of printed matter, of letters that are double or quadruple size, or for the postage due by Government for franked matter. In the footing up it will be seen that column 5 gives a total of postal expenses for the year of $8,971,132, and column 7, the revenue—after Government has paid its share for franked matter—$9,087,622. It may be mentioned that there are some other items of expense, not large, that are not put down under the head of the separate States, but they are not sufficient to make a material difference in the general result.

Now, if the gross expenses of our postal service are equal to the gross revenue as paid by the citizens and the Government—nearly every single letter having a postage of three cents—it must follow that where the postal expenses and the postal revenue of a State are nearly equal—as in the case of Maryland, columns 5 and 7—the actual cost of transporting and distributing single letters is just about 3 cents each. On this basis we can see, in our three cent rate, what proportion of that sum is necessary to keep up the postal service in the States where it is the most profitable, and how much more than that is required in the States far South and West, where the receipts never meet the expenses. This is shown in the last—the 9th column of our table, the figures representing cents and mills. In Maine it costs 2 cents 4 mills to transport, handle and deliver each letter; in Massachusetts, 1 cent 2 mills; and throughout each and all of the States South and West to New Jersey and Pennsylvania, 1 cent 8 mills. After the first section—beginning at the District of Columbia and Delaware—the States are arranged exactly in the order of the expense of distributing letters. [The term "distributing" is used here as covering the entire expense of the postal service.]

As near as it can be shown in figures, each single letter mailed in Maryland costs 3 cents 1 mill, in Ohio and Michigan 3 cents 2 mills, in Kentucky 4 cents, in Louisiana 5 cents, in Alabama 6 cents 5 mills, in Texas 8 cents, in Florida 11 cents 5 mills, and in Arkansas over 18 cents. In the North-Eastern Section—from Maine to Pennsylvania—letters cost 1 cent 8 mills each. In the Middle Section—south including Virginia, and west to Missouri—2 cents 3 mills; and the two—North-Eastern and Middle Sections—reckoned together, 2 cents 4 mills. The cost of letter distribution in the South-Western Section averages 6 cents 7 mills, and that ranges from 5 cents a letter in Louisiana to over 18 cents in Arkansas. If there is any particular error in the calculations I should be glad to have it pointed out. I believe there are none. I may mention that the cost of ocean transportation of mails—New York to Aspinwall, and Panama to San Francisco—does not figure in this statement, as all of our ocean mail service comes under national disbursements or Navy estimates, and does not come into the Post-Office balance sheet. The money so paid is for commercial and naval purposes, and not simply a postal service. If we wish to see the actual cost of transporting mail matter to California, all we have to do is to point to the fact that the expenses, the highest transportation known, charge only 3 cents a pound—30 cents for the weight of 48 or 50 letters—from New York to San Francisco. Have I not redeemed my promise and succeeded in showing that nearly one gross half of the money paid in postage in New York and New England is actually taken to extend the mail service at a low rate to the South and West?

Very respectfully, yours,

PLINY MILES, Sec. of the N. Y Postal Reform Com.

New York, July 14, 1857.

VOICE OF THE OLD SCHOOL COVENANTERS.

[*The Covenanter* for June and July is filled with the Proceedings of the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in North America (commonly called Old School Covenanters), at its meeting held in Northwood, Logan County, Ohio, from the 27th of May to the 3d of June, 1857. The following Report on Slavery was adopted.]

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE ON SLAVERY.

The Committee on Slavery report the following:

The Church of Christ, as a witnessing society, owes it to her Head, as well as to herself, to the nation and to the oppressed millions in this land, to utter a plain, earnest and uncompromising testimony against slavery. As representatives of the Church in this land, we recognise ourselves as under the highest obligations to bear this testimony now, not only because we alone, of all the religious denominations in the United States, have occupied, and do occupy, the only true anti-slavery position, viz., *No union with slaveholders in either Church or State,* but because that, during the past year, slavery has been on the increase, and the Slave Power has made giant strides of usurpation in both the Churches and the Commonwealth. The voice of God, commanding us to open our mouths for the dumb; the tears and blood of the suffering slave; the prayers of the millions who, from their prison-house, appeal to us for compassion and help; and the command of our Redeemer, who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives," all call loudly upon us to renew our testimony against the iniquitous system, and never to tire in our efforts until liberty is proclaimed throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof. Therefore,

Resolved, 1. That American slavery is an evil so enormous, a sin so he

freed negroes; and in less than a century the whole black population would have been extinct.

"The diminution of exports during slavery was, however, not entirely owing to decrease of population, but to the land in many places becoming exhausted, especially on the coffee plantations; so that, if even slavery had not been abolished, the decrease in exports would have continued, and soon reached their present state. It is, however, perfectly true that the hours of labour were lessened, in consequence of the Apprenticeship Act, from sixteen and eighteen to nine hours a-day; and these hours are as many as a man can well endure to labour under a tropical sun; but, on the other hand, many will do as much work in nine hours, especially if paid by the job, as they would have done in double that time under the old system.

"V. In addition to sugar and coffee, there is also a decrease in the quantity of ginger exported, arising partly from exhaustion of soil, and partly from its being unprofitable; but the exports of pimento have increased from three and four million pounds to more than seven millions and a-half.

"VI. A large number of sugar estates have been continued in cultivation since freedom, and have generally given their proprietors good returns: some have paid exceedingly well.

"VII. In this neighbourhood property has generally commanded a good price, but this has not been the case in all parts of the island; now, however, estates, &c, are realizing better prices; in many places there is a good deal of competition for those brought into the market.

"VIII. There are localities where there is desolation and ruin prevalent; but I am not aware that any estates have been thrown up because the people would not work, or required exorbitant wages. Some are ruined through mismanagement, others because they were worn out, or too far from shipping-places, and others because they were hopelessly embarrassed.

"IX. All properties are cultivated at a lower cost than in slavery. Free-labour has been proved to be cheaper than slave-labour.

"X. Unquestionably, other things being equal.

"XI. Immensely improved.

"(1.) There are, doubtless, great numbers of idle and dissipated characters, but generally the people are industrious, sober, and moral.

"(2.) They are willing to work for fair wages, and generally the supply of labour equals the demand and frequently exceeds it, at least in this neighbourhood.

"(3.) Great numbers have purchased or rent several acres of land, on which they grow sugar, coffee, and pimento. They supply the market for inland consumption with the former, and export no inconsiderable quantity. The greater part of the coffee now exported is grown by them, the old coffee plantations being nearly all worn out; and a considerable portion of the pimento exported is grown on their own freeholds. The result is that these lessees and small proprietors are becoming 'well-to-do middle-class men.'

"(4.) In connection with my own congregations (Brown's Town and Bethany) at least 700 families are settled on their own freeholds, in addition to which many of them rent land. They are generally a thriving people. With the exception of a few aged and sickly persons, and some others who are idle and vicious, there is nothing like abject poverty in the neighbourhood. As examples of the prosperity of some, I may mention that recently three of my people joined together to purchase a property of 188 acres for £360; another purchased a property of 50 acres for £150; another, a small run of land for £180; another, a few acres of land for £79; and only a fortnight ago a great number wished me to buy a place for them which was advertised for sale, but it slipped out of our hands: seven or eight of them were, however, prepared to lay down £220 towards the purchase-money. I need scarcely add that there are not many who have thus prospered: these are the 'go-ahead men': the great mass of the people have to struggle hard to bring up their families decently, send their children to school, and support the churches to which they belong.

"XII. It is difficult to answer this question, as crime was punished secretly on the estates during slavery, and no record kept of it. There can, however, be no doubt of this, that there is less crime here than amongst an equal population in England, and that it is generally of a lighter character.

"XIII. During the first few years of freedom the improvement of the people in morals and religion was astonishing. Then came a reaction, and for a long time past there has been a constant struggle against reactionary tendencies; but, on the whole, the improvement has far exceeded what the most sanguine of the friends of the negro could have anticipated previous to emancipation.

"XIV. As regards marriage, during slavery it was the exception: it is now the rule, and is generally as faithfully observed as amongst the labouring classes in Europe. Parental obligations are not in all cases well discharged, but infinitely better than in the days of slavery. The attendance at places of worship is doubled, if not trebled, since freedom, in this part of the island.

"XV. There is a great improvement in the morals of the people; still there is much immorality amongst the young. It is *the* great evil against which we have to contend, and is one of the poisonous fruits of slavery.

"XVI. Considerable numbers of the people have built commodious and respectable houses for themselves, worth from £100 to £300 each; others, however, are content to remain in huts and cottages little or no better than those they inhabited when they were slaves, but they are the exception. There is evidently in this neighbourhood an onward movement; new houses are rising everywhere around us, cultivation is extending, neat, comfortable clothing is worn, and the appearance of the peasantry at our places of worship is as respectable as can be witnessed in more highly-favoured countries.

"Notwithstanding these indications of progress, it must be remembered that the people are generally poor, so far as regards the possession of money. They are glad to work for a shilling a day, and this is the average wages paid on the estates and properties around us, yet there is no lack of labour. During the few weeks of the pimento crop they are, however, able to earn more than double that amount, and the labour they bestow upon their own grounds must be of greater value. It will therefore be obvious that, under such circumstances, there must be both industry and frugality to enable them to get on."

"TAYLOR'S CAYMANAS, March 25, 1857.

"REV. AND MY DEAR SIR: Accompanied I beg to hand a few hasty answers to the questions which you forwarded to me. I regret want of time, being constantly engaged with my constituent, the proprietor of this estate, whose time will be short in the island, so that I could not bestow more leisure in giving the answers on a more elaborate scale; but such as they are they are true facts, from my personal observation and experience of the working-out of the scheme of emancipation, and the condition of the labouring peasantry, as free people, compared with when they were slaves, as my knowledge extends over both. Wishing you a pleasant and safe passage, in haste.

"I am yours faithfully, WM. BRAY."

"I. I have resided in the island the whole of my life-time, and in different parishes both in the north and south-side districts, and in the capacity of a planter.

"II. There has been great deterioration in the value of property generally, arising from *various* causes.

"III. The commerce of the island has decreased in proportion with the falling-off of agriculture, the prosperity of the commercial and *other* interests being dependent on the success of agriculture: this being an agricultural and not a manufacturing country, any falling-off in the staple production must affect commerce generally.

"IV. There has been considerable diminution in the staple production of the country, consequent on the abandonment of the cultivation of many properties, many of which may have been unprofitable in the days of slavery, and were unfit, even at that period, to be cultivated, but were supported by mortgagees so long as there was value in the goods and chattels of slaves. As soon, however, as that consideration was removed by the freedom of the slaves, and mortgagees, not having sufficient guarantee for further advances, withheld the same, such properties as were so dependent for support were, in consequence, abandoned, being unprofitable and unfit to be kept up, though, perhaps, they were never cultivated at any *previous* period profitably. The decrease in the products of the country commenced about the time of emancipation, but particularly after the Imperial Legislation of 1846, after which the produce-market became so low as to render the cultivation of the staple unprofitable, causing capitalists to withdraw their capital, to the ruin and injury of many proprietors. Preparatory to this period, all the confusion between the emancipated peasantry and their employers, consequent on the great revolutionary changes from slavery to freedom, were just settling down, and a proper understanding established, thereby working out the scheme of emancipation successfully, have been remunerative and become valuable (many yielding profitable results *at this period*), but the unfortunate experimental Imperial Legislation of 1846 interfered, to the ultimate ruin of many proprietors, which would *not* otherwise have been the case, but *solely* arising out of *that* measure.

"V. The principal falling-off in the agriculture of the island consists in sugar and coffee: not having much to do with the smaller products, I would rather not give an opinion regarding them.

"VI. A large number of sugar-estates have been kept up in cultivation since 1838, and yielded profitable results until the period when the market became so low from the excess of supply from slave-producing countries, and the undue competition with the products of such countries caused properties to be unprofitable which were *previously*, and are *now*, carried on *profitably*.

"VII. There would be no difficulty in getting purchasers for properties, but those who would purchase and become resident proprietors have not the means, and absent mortgagees or proprietors are not disposed to *sell* but for *cash*, which puts it out of the power of resident parties purchasing, but who would readily do so if the hitherto plan of disposing upon credit were granted.

"VIII. In some districts of the island are to be observed desolation, arising from the abandonment of properties from the following and other causes:

"(1.) Some properties being worthless, and unfit to be carried on even in days of slavery.

"(2.) Want of capital.

"(3.) Want of management.

"(4.) Localities subjected to drought and adverse seasons.

"(5.) In some respects, want of labour.

"It does not come within the range of my knowledge that there are any properties in the island which could not be cultivated, from the indolence and exorbitant demands of labourers. Taking into consideration the recent condition of the peasantry, not many years ago in slavery, and subjected to all its horrors, with the subsequent mixing of other imported immigrants, although there are to be found many idle and disorderly characters, yet, on the whole, I scarcely think any one could take upon themselves to pronounce the desolation of properties as arising *entirely* out of the indolence or exorbitant demand of wages of the labourers. Certainly, the example of the bad ones may have had a great deal to do with it, but it would be unjust to ascribe it as any *prominent* reason, as I have not known yet any property that has been abandoned from such a cause.

"IX. I have witnessed the workings of labourers during slavery and freedom, and I know that *more* work has been performed within *a given time* during freedom than in slavery; but as, in common instances, the slaves were constrained to labour nearly three times the number of hours without money-consideration, and with a whip to their backs, it would be unfair to draw the comparison; but if placed on the same footing, I consider *free* labour to be more profitable, inasmuch as I have seen more work performed within a given period compared with slavery.

"X. In the event of the abolition of slavery on the continent and islands around, I consider that Jamaica could compete successfully in the production of sugar against any country in the world.

"XI. No one who has any knowledge of the social character and condition of the labouring classes during slavery, when they were little better than barbarians, knowing no Sabbaths, schools, or chapels, but indulging in all the wild habits and customs common to barbarians, exhibiting their heathenish indulgences at their villages, especially at funerals, and knowing no Sabbaths, could for a moment contrast them with the present peasantry, who observe the precepts of Christianity by the establishment of chapels in their villages, and attending divine service in extremely beautiful places of worship, erected and supported principally by their voluntary contributions; and many among themselves, from their intelligence and education, fill high departments in their chapels, and also become members of public boards, discharging public duties, and possessing properties, and contribute to the public taxation of the country. Whilst there are several illiterate, idle, and immoral characters, yet the majority are sober and well-behaved, save occasional differences with their employers common in business. There have been occurrences of demand for *higher* wages, causing momentary interruption in labour, but no permanent unwillingness to work when wages are regularly paid. It is within my knowledge that in some districts labourers are not paid for weeks, which is objectionable, and calculated to cause distrust.

"There are many labourers engaged in the cultivation of several acres, producing sugar with considerable advantage to themselves and families.

"There are many who have acquired property since 1838, and labour during the week, and on Sunday drive genteelly in their gig to church or chapel, and only the idle and worthless are in abject poverty.

"XII. I cannot well say whether crime has increased or diminished since 1838: this may be answered by the law authorities.

"XIII. I cannot pronounce a wholesale retrogression in morality among the masses of the people. There are certainly many immoral characters, but decidedly the majority follow the precepts of religion and Christianity.

"XIV. Although the obligation of the marriage tie is not so well observed among the labouring classes, adequately with their regard for religious worship, yet there is no comparison in the difference between the *present* and the period of *slavery*, when there was little knowledge of the obligation, and few marriages solemnized: it would be ridiculous to contrast the parental and religious worship among the masses of the present day with those during the existence of slavery, when they were very little practised.

"XV. Concubinage and licentiousness were more frequent *before* than *after* the year 1838, which has since much diminished, and all classes exhibit an improvement in these respects.

"XVI. The labouring population have purchased properties since the abolition of slavery, and erected decent cottages, and in every respect improved in the decencies of social life and progressive civilization; but whilst I say this, I beg to be understood that there are *many* who disregard all decencies in social life, and set no example to others, nor exhibit any desire to imitate the higher classes in civilization. WM. BERRY,

"Attorney of Taylor's Caymanas Estate, Jamaica."

The following letter from the writer of the last communication contains a fact or two in relation to the cause of the depreciation of property in Jamaica quite worthy of record.

TAYLOR'S CAYMANAS, Feb. 6, 1857.

REV. AND MY DEAR SIR: I regret sincerely my inability to attend the anti-slavery meeting fixed for this evening, owing to the interference of pressing business.

"It would have afforded me pleasure to record my sentiments, conjointly with others, *against slavery*, and to explain that the planters do not complain against emancipation as the cause of the decay of our agriculture, but against the *unjust* competition in the *produce market* with *slave-producing* countries; and all that the agriculturist wishes is that those countries be placed on the same footing as themselves, by setting their slaves free, and which may be brought about by England enforcing existing treaties. I am, yours faithfully and respectfully,

"Rev. J. M. Phillippo. W. BERRY."

"*Answers to general questions proposed by the Rev. J. M. Phillippo, as to the state and prospects of the Island of Jamaica, in relation to agriculture and commerce.*

"I. Five years; near Rio Bueno, in the parish of Trelawny; as President of Calabar Institution for the training of Native Ministers, in which also a normal school is conducted for the training of day-school teachers.

"II. In this locality, during the above term of years, none. The neighbouring estates are all under cultivation, and present a considerably improved appearance. I may mention in particular the following estates: Bengal, under the management of U. T. Todd, Esq., proprietor; Bryan Castle, under the management of S. Edwards, Esq., overseer; Brampton Bryan, J. Farquharson, Esq., overseer; Arcadia, P. King, Esq., attorney; Braco, H. Beresford, Esq., overseer. I might add, Lancaster, Harmony Hall, Vale Royal, Friendship, Colchester, Georgia, and others.

"III. I cannot give personal testimony in answer to this question; but I suppose there can be no doubt as to considerable decrease. But from all the inquiries I have been able to make, I am of opinion that the Act of Emancipation has had very little to do with it. Among other causes, I have heard the decline of commerce in Kingston particularly ascribed to the failure of the trade once carried on, to an immense extent, with Havana and the Spanish Main.

"IV.

"V.

"VI. I have named, in reply to question II., a number of estates in this district; I am familiar with many more; and I am credibly informed that they are all making a handsome return. Planters have acknowledged that on good estates, well situated, sugar is remunerative at £11 per hogshead: it is now paying from £20 to £26. I know men in this district who are annually netting a moderate fortune. I might name one gentleman now, the proprietor of several fine estates, and attorney for several others, who came to Jamaica in his youth a poor man.

"VII. The only estate which, to my knowledge, has recently exchanged hands in his district is Harmony Hall, and that, I have understood, was bought at £7,000. Stewart Castle is for sale; price £3,000. I have heard it valued by an experienced attorney at £2,000.

"VIII. On this side of the island the estates generally are in high cultivation. Wages are from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per day, and the peasantry are all at work.

"IX. I should think so; but I cannot make the comparison for myself.

"X. Yes.

"XI. I cannot compare the present with the times of slavery; but in my opinion the peasantry of Jamaica will bear comparison with any peasantry in the world. I am sure the portion with which I am in association will.

"1. They are, as a people, neither idle nor dissipated.

"2. Yes.

"3. Yes, and with advantage.

"4. Almost every family in this locality is living upon its own freehold; so in numerous others with which I am personally acquainted. In most districts the renting of houses is the exception and not the rule. The people are increasing in material wealth. Several are now in treaty with me to purchase for them a pen in this district, engaging to lay down the money before the purchase.

"XII. In some localities I should think it has; in others, not. But, on the whole, Jamaica will compare favourably with other countries in this respect.

"XIII. I believe there is, on the whole, steady progress, while the ebbing and flowing, action and reaction in morals and religion might sometimes induce a different belief.

"XIV. There is a marked difference in different districts; but I should think there is no comparison between the present and the past in these respects.

"XVI. The slave huts I have seen are not to be compared with the dwellings now generally occupied, except where the latter are built upon rented land, and as an occasional asylum in the mountains. Were it not for the house-tax they would be far better than they are.

"(Signed) D. J. EAST,

"President, Calabar Institution."

"KINGSTON, JAMAICA, March 26, 1857.

"MY DEAR SIR: On the eve of your leaving for Britain, I have to wish you a safe and prosperous voyage, and a happy meeting with your friends. After your long experience here, I have no doubt your report of the state of our Colony will be sought by the benevolent who still take an interest in poor Jamaica: did I say poor—I should have said *rich Jamaica*; for that which God pronounced to be very *good*, man never renders valueless; and if any country can be called naturally rich and beautiful, surely Jamaica will stand prominent as such. Then it will be asked, Why is it so depressed and ruined, as is stated to be the case. That Jamaica is deeply depressed I admit; but the cause of this depression may be traced, first to its transition state from slavery, with its numerous evils, to freedom, with all its blessings. Slavery was a serious disease, and to effect any cure so severe in its nature, a great deal of suffering, and various causes of treatment, must be pursued, till the desired effect be produced; and Jamaica has been undergoing a great *organic change* under very bad treatment by its Legislature, and the *unnatural neglect of the mother country*.

"II. The state of deep ignorance in which the masses of the population have been allowed to remain; for, until lately, if we except the Calabar Institution, and a training establishment in Montego Bay in connection with the United Presbyterian Church, no other institutions existed in order to elevate the minds of the natives, and to bring them forward, and hence the light which was in us was almost darkness. Thank God, there seems now a glimmering of improvement in this respect.

"III. The CHURCH Government of the Establishment in this island has been a great source of calamity. The clergymen draw quarterly an *unreasonable state pay, for which an intolerable amount of cruel taxation* is paid by the *poor people*, and no corresponding good is effected: on the contrary, great evil. The bad example of many of the clergy, the unpardonable neglect of duty, and the indifferent manner in which the people under their charge are attended to, not only cause licentious practices, but actually degrade and ruin the best interest of Christian religion, while it precludes the usefulness of other bodies which would confer real benefits.

"IV. The large area of land, with the comparatively trifling population, which renders labour scattered, and, to a great extent, unproductive, because not *concentrated* or improved.

"V. The facility with which all the necessaries of life may be obtained with very easy trouble, and *often almost without labour at all*.

"VI. The very low price of produce which ruled from 1848 to 1855, combined with the fearful ravages of cholera in duplicate attack, and succeeded by desolating small-pox and very heavy seasons, tended greatly to depress every interest.

"VII. The heavy and iniquitous principles of taxation which *oppress and drive the poor people from every source of comfort*, and the general *bad management* of public *matters*. Also the entire absence of any attention to the masses of the people, and *particularly the poor and unfortunate of them*. The hearts of our rulers have been, like Pharaoh's, *hardened*, and the people have been ground down.

"But, in the midst of all, *God* has manifested himself, and shewn that 'His mercy endureth forever'; for the negroes who have been lately emancipated are now not only the most valuable, but comparatively the most respectable classes of the community; they subscribe most for, and attend better on, the ordinances of religion. They are raising villages, and settling themselves. Nearly all the coffee now produced is cultivated by them on their own account. Many also cultivate sugar, and, while their oppressors have been dashed to pieces, they live and are thriving, and, so soon as educated, they will be fit to take the highest stand in society; and from all I can see, the future of this country portends in their favour. If less sugar is produced now than formerly, it may be easily accounted for. The labour is divided, and not directed to one centre, as it was in time of slavery; and all the island wants to make it as productive and happier than it ever was is labour. There is land for *five or six times the number of the present population*.

"Now these are my views. All is in the hands of Providence. He ruleth in the armies of Heaven, and doeth according to His will among the inhabitants of the earth: but I tell you, that you and all the friends of negro emancipation have reason to be thankful that it has been so successful, and you may hold up your hands and thank God for a result which redounds to the honour of the original projectors, who now rest from their labours, but their works do follow them.

"In great haste, dear sir, yours most sincerely,

"Rev. J. M. Phillippo. GEORGE W. GORDON."

"EBENEZER COTTAGE, March 20, 1857.

"MY DEAR BROTHER PHILLIPPO: I really cannot now find time to answer your queries, at least to tell you my mind in answer to them, nor is it necessary that I should do so. You know a vast deal respecting the circumstances of the island and its inhabitants—as much, I believe, as any one man in it at present. You have seen several years of slavery in it, and the whole of freedom, and you know the great contrast between the two. You know, moreover, the means which brought about this surprising change, not for the worse, I should say, but greatly for the better. I scarcely supposed that any *thoughtful* and *sane* man would venture now to say that 'Missionary labour has been thrown away in Jamaica.' There may be some that say so, but it is not hard to know their characters. There is, moreover, an improvement in progress among our people, though it does not progress as rapidly as we could wish; and this is the case almost everywhere else, I believe. Looking at our island in various aspects, materially, morally and spiritually, I think the prospect is at least hopeful. Had we more Missionaries, and the means of sustaining them, the improvement, I believe, would be more visible.

"You kindly ask me if you can do anything for me at home? Well, please to present my very kind regards to all inquiring friends both in England and Wales. If you can persuade any of them to assist me in school operations, I shall feel very thankful to you. I hope and pray that you may have a prosperous voyage, the presence with you of the Great Master, favour in the eyes of the people at home, and a safe return again. My kind regards to Mrs. Phillippo, Miss Hannah and the Doctor, in which yovrself is to take a large share; and so remain, dear brother, yours affectionately, SAMUEL JONES."

BARBADOS UNDER EMANCIPATION.

At a time when so much is being said of the disastrous results of Emancipation, commercially considered, we think the following testimony, from the mail edition of the Barbados *Liberal*, of the 11th April ultimo, is of especial value; and we are glad to find that the attention of the planting interest is being directed to the devising of means for the improvement of the labouring classes. The symptom is a healthy one, and we hope to see the suggestion acted upon vigorously and speedily.

"At this time, when the state of the markets for West India produce gives increased value to everything connected with these Colonies, in the eyes of those, at least, who are connected with them, the few remarks which we purpose making, under this head, may not be without interest to those for whom our mail edition is more especially intended.

"Whilst, from causes that need not be investigated by us at present, most of these Colonies have been trembling for years on the brink of ruin, this island has held its ground, and even been advancing, wherever an opening has been found, to prosperity. The progress has been slow, perhaps, but certain; and at this moment, speaking generally, and in the strictly commercial sense, nothing could be more satisfactory than our condition and prospects in a material point of view. The gloomy forebodings of abandoned fields, short crops, and depreciated property, which haunted many as the certain results to follow emancipation, have not only not been realized here in any degree, but not even apprehended as in the least likely to be, since the brief period of feverish excitement immediately consequent on that measure of justice to a deeply-injured and patient people. Labour, from that time to the present, has been always abundant, and, everything considered, cheap, the free labourer working cheerfully and steadily, as a general rule, wherever he has been fairly treated, and doing, on the whole, a far greater amount of work than the slave had ever been thought capable of rendering to the sternest of masters. And putting aside the lengthened period of severe drought, from 1839 to 1845, cultivation has, in consequence, gone on steadily extending, and our staple productions increasing, until they now nearly double those of the palmiest days of slavery. And property has maintained and increased its value proportionately with the greater security of procuring a ready supply of labour at moderate wages. And if, at times, the state of the produce-market has left the investment without profit, we have only to consider the question fairly to be fully satisfied that such a state of things in slavery would have been attended with far more calamitous results. What would have been the effects, as far as our experience enables us to determine, of the Act of 1846, equalizing the sugar duties, had it come upon us in 1826 instead?

"To say that our commercial transactions have kept pace with the greatly-increased development of the productive capacity of the country is but to state that which must suggest itself to our readers as the natural effect of a given cause. Our geographical position in the group of islands in which we are placed has, no doubt, something to do with the large and augmenting trade that we carry on with them as their emporium; but neither can there be any doubt, in reasonable minds, that our internal condition, the prospering state of our agricultural affairs, and the large and tractable industrious population that have produced it, must be looked to as the main cause, but for which geographical position would have counted as nothing.

"These circumstances give to Barbados a marked individuality, so to speak; and in any careful survey that might be made of these Colonies, whether by the speculator or the statesman, the capitalist with money to invest or the philanthropist who aims to promote the well-being of his fellow-men by such means as he may, this island must be considered apart and distinct from the rest, as having a character peculiarly and exclusively its own. We ourselves, residing on the spot, have abundant assurance of the capability of the Colony, if properly directed, to attain a state of prosperity, in the widest sense of the word, compared to which our present condition would rank as depression. But one great drawback to this is the very contracted view which some of us, most unhappily, take of prosperity, and the things that conduce to it. There is no concealing the fact that, owing, in great measure, to this very serious defect, the moral and social condition of our labouring population, the mainstay of the Colony, the one great pillar on which the entire edifice rests, has not received so much of our attention as should have been given to it, for our own interests' sake, if higher inducement were wanting. But it is not yet too late to avert much of the positive evil that our neglect has been gendering, and produce good in its stead, good to these people, good to ourselves, good to our children, as well as theirs; for all must benefit, or suffer harm, as a common lot, from what we do, or refrain from doing, in this case. We are satisfied that we are only doing justice to a small, but daily increasing, number of resident proprietors and others connected with the agricultural interests of the island, when we say that they are keenly alive to the state of things we have adverted to, and the absolute necessity of making instant effort to remedy past neglect; and any enlightened measure, having that object in view, will have their most earnest cooperation. It is for the large class of absentee proprietors to give this matter serious consideration. Some of their agents, no doubt, have already directed their attention to it; and if their weight and influence be brought to bear in support of those upon the spot, whose efforts may be given to the work, the result will not be without even material advantages, that will more than repay those who labour in it."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

We hope that very few of our readers will be at home on the day that this number of THE STANDARD reaches them, at least if it reach them on the day of its publication. We trust that they will all be abroad on the hill-side or under the shadow of old woods, or by the still waters, gathered together to celebrate the illustrious Anniversary of the First of August. It is one of ever-freshening interest as time, in passing along, sets his seal upon the success of the great Experiment of Justice. Nearly twenty years have demonstrated the safety of obedience to the laws of God and the blessing that will ever attend upon a return to duty after ever so long a departure from it. That a crime of more than two centuries duration could be cured of all its consequences at once was not to be expected. Vicious habits leave their mark upon their victims long after the vicious courses have been abandoned. But it does not follow from that that vice is better than virtue, or that the reformed sinner is not much better off than if he had continued in his sins. Admitting all the ill accounts of the working of emancipation in the British West Indies, it only shows that a disease of so long standing as Slavery had been cannot be worked out of the constitution of a community in less than a tithe of the time that it had had unresisted control of it. The sin of ten generations it were hardly rational to expect to overcome by the virtue of half a one.

But we deny that there is anything more than an apparent, and a very partial, failure of this great experiment anywhere. Jamaica is the only island the facts of which are ever quoted to prove the mischiefs of liberty; and these, it is admitted, do not show any state of misrule or insubordination, any poverty or crime, greater than existed in the days of slavery. The change for the better in these respects is admitted on all hands. The only charge brought against Freedom in Jamaica is that the blacks prefer working for themselves to working for their old masters, or their successors. The export of sugar and rum is all that is looked at by the politico-economists that preach from this text. They take no notice of the import of happiness and contentment that has balanced the loss; nor yet to the multiplication of crops intended for consumption at home instead of for shipment abroad. That less labour is done, even in Jamaica, under liberty than under slavery, is denied by competent witnesses. It has only been diverted into new directions and been applied to a variety of productions instead of being all concentrated upon one. That there is an infinitely greater amount of happiness in Jamaica, basking in the sunlight of liberty, than when she sat in the shadow of death during slavery, it would be an insult to common sense to attempt to argue.

But Jamaica is not the only island in which this great problem is working itself out. And yet, who ever heard a syllable of proof of the evil-working of Emancipation drawn from the history of any other island? In point of fact, in the Island of Antigua, that island which refused the treacherous purgatory of the Apprenticeship and stepped at once from the bell of slavery into the glorious freedom God has ordained for all his sons, in that island the blessing has been manifested in the very shape the unbelievers demand as a sign, and they refuse to open their eyes and see it. There the exports of sugar are much greater than in the average years of slavery, and have been so, we believe without exception, ever since she had the faith to walk according to the light. And so it has been in Barbados, and in other islands and colonies, where there has been a reasonable coöperation of all parties to give the thing fair play. All that is wanted everywhere is more labour to carry still farther the cultivation of the soil and the stimulation of its productions. Idleness is not the evil complained of, but the lack of enough working men. But this is an evil, if evil it be, which is by no means confined to the West Indies, but is common to all industrial nations.

We remember once hearing an intelligent man of business and the world say, conversing on this subject, "You need not bring me any facts to prove that Emancipation is working well in the West Indies. The silence which has settled down upon them settles that matter. Had there been anything going on wrong there, depend upon it we should have heard of it fast enough." And this really contains the kernel of the whole matter. This explains the phenomenon of the milk in that cocoa-nut. During slavery for two hundred years, there was, from time to time, insurrection and murder, and cruel punishments following upon them. Who ever hears of civil war, or private broil, or tortures and death inflicted on those engaged in either? Except from Jamaica, who ever hears of ruin, and bankruptcy, and distress? And there it is only the men who refused to help themselves; but who called on the Hercules of the Home Government to help them instead; it is they that have been bemoaning the ruin that the Revolution in Labour has brought upon them, and the mass of them were ruined before. And, indeed, these very pessimists do not now lay the calamity of the islands on the Emancipation so much as on the application of the principle of Free Trade to Sugar, and thus depriving them of the monopoly of the Home market. But the silent testimony of success, even in despite of this drawback on their prosperity, is quietly contradicting all lies and demonstrating that there is twice as much labour in a man as in a slave.

The immense increase of demand which has been created by the policy of Free Trade—as was prophesied by its favourers—has raised the price of all articles of commerce to a point which makes it eminently remunerative to invest capital and skill in their production. Thus the policy which was dreaded as the ruin of the Islands has, in fact, proved their blessing. And this has been felt in all the sugar, coffee and cotton-growing countries near the Tropics. Demand has outstripped supply, and how the one is to be made to overtake the other is now a problem which perplexes the wisest minds. Probably the market in free labour will, in due time, regulate itself and make the necessary increase of the products of its various industries. It is an idle pretence of Slavery that white labour is impossible in tropical latitudes. Let a profitable market for white labour be created in the British West Indies and the French Colonies by the increasing value of tropical or semi-tropical productions, and the tide of European emigration will set in thitherward by the unerring laws of Nature. Such mighty problems as these are not to be worked out in a year or a decade of years. Patience must be added to faith, and all will come right, and all the sooner if things be left to take their natural courses. The full Coolie experiment in Jamaica and the Chinese Coolie attempts in various other places have all proved that no tampering with the natural laws of Supply and Demand can be permanently successful.

We trust that the latest attempt to revive slavery and the slave trade under other names, but with all the essential incidents of those iniquities, will be denounced at the Meetings held this day as they especially should be on such an occasion. We refer, of course, to the plan initiated by France, but which has found favour in powerful quarters in England even, for the importation of Free Labourers from the African Coast to the European Colonies. Such a scheme is a delusion and a sham on the face of it. The Africans on the Coast, or from the Interior, could not enter into any intelligent contract on the subject. They are unused to the species of toil which would be demanded of them, and it were a mockery to say that they consented to a kind of labour they know nothing about. Then they are political slaves, at least, in their own country, and the contracts for the free labourers would be made as those for slaves are now, by their kings and chiefs. And when arrived at their destination, what motive could be applied to compel their reluctant services but the lash, or some equivalent torture? And that is slavery. And in slave countries, and our own States, to which the new plan would be perfectly acceptable, what would be the chance of the Free Labourers ever vindicating their freedom, after the time of their contract had expired? *The Charleston Courier* openly advocates the scheme on the express ground that, after the Free Labourers had arrived in Carolina, the laws of the State would attach, and they might forthwith be sold at once as slaves for life! This scheme, we are happy to see, has aroused the vigilance of that veteran Abolitionist, Lord Brougham, and we do not believe that all the sophistry of the London *Times* can blind the eyes of the British public to the real character of this scheme, plausible in its pretences, but fatal in its issues.

But while it becomes all who take any interest in the destiny of the coloured race to be jealously watchful of every attempt, however disguised, which is aimed at its welfare, and though any such project should not miss of its rebuke on every day of assembly in their behalf, because of their present sufferings or their past deliverance, still, this day should be one of as nearly unmixed joy as the condition of humanity will permit. Few enough are the occasions on which we are permitted to snatch a fearful joy, in view of the atrocities which have been the doom of that race for so many centuries. And when so happy an event in that disastrous history as the peaceful liberation of near a million of slaves, and when so clear and bright a light is thrown upon the future of the oppressed race, by the good conduct and prosperity of the enfranchised bondmen, we will take one day from worldly affairs, one from the contemplation of the darkest side of the picture, to look only at those things which inspire hope and strengthen faith, that what deliverance God has wrought out for his dear children once, his Providence will yet work again for those yet dwelling in the Valley of the Shadow of that Death.

SLAVE-HUNTING IN ILLINOIS.

HORRIBLE BARBARITY.

IN THE STANDARD of July 18th, in the column of "Summary," we published a brief account of the murder of a fugitive slave on the "glorious Fourth," near Nashville, in that part of Illinois usually called "Egypt" on account of the hostility of the people to the anti-slavery cause. In the *Chicago Tribune* we find a letter from Nashville, dated July 20th, which gives a more particular statement of the affair.

"In your last week's issue I notice an account from the Nashville *Democrat* of the killing of a negro by Erskine Mansfield. The account as given in the *Democrat* was a wretchedly garbled affair, nor were half the barbarities connected with the event even alluded to. There were savage acts of barbarity connected with the killing of that negro that should stamp with eternal infamy not only the perpetrators of the crime, but all who were accomplices after the fact 'in the bloody deed.'

"I had hoped, for the honour of the country, that no account of the transaction would be given by the public press. Having gained admittance there, it is but right that the whole truth should be known and that the guilty party, and they alone, should suffer the withering scorn and contempt of an indignant public.

"Three negroes had escaped from Missouri, and a reward of $300 each, or $900 for all, was offered for their recovery. They were pursued with speed. The pursuers, having passed them, were returning to Nashville, when the parties met. The testimony given states they were ordered to surrender, when they rushed upon their pursuers and Mansfield fired in self-defence—killing one of the negroes. The statement was made that the negro, rushing upon Mansfield, was in close contiguity to him, but the shot were very much scattered. The body was taken to Nashville and an inquest held upon it, the result of which you know.

"I am informed, by a gentleman of credibility, that, during the progress of the inquest, he, happening in town, inquired of one of the magistrates before whom Mansfield was acquitted what was being done. 'They are,' said the dignitary, 'trying which is of the most value to the community, a Black Republican or a dead negro.'

"The next morning the grocery rabble carried the corpse out for burial, singing, and drumming on the coffin the tune of 'Uncle Ned.' Subsequently, a part at least of this same crew assisted the kidnapper in exhuming the body, when the head was drawn across the corner of the coffin, and with an axe was dissevered from the corrupting remains and, being placed in a vessel of spirits, was taken to Missouri. 'How long, O Lord! how long?'

"Diabolical as is this outrage, and revolting to all human sensibility, yet are we reluctantly compelled to acknowledge that all this happened in and about Nashville, Ill. After all, neither are the citizens of Nashville or Washington County deserving of the charges you bring against them. The great majority of the citizens of the County, of whatever political opinion they may be, are unanimous in condemnation of the bloody deed, and characterize it as fit only to emanate from devils incarnate. The honest German, from whose shop the axe was taken with which to decapitate the dead body, was so horrified at the act that he refused to receive it again upon his premises.

"After all, vindicating, as we do, the people of the County, we are constrained to acknowledge that there exists about our county seat a political clique (of the Captain Rynders and Tom Hyer school) who make use of this same grocery rabble to subserve their selfish purposes, to the rejection of honest men of their own political creed.

"The affair, however, is not yet over with. Our Court holds its session next month: we will then see if the people will suffer such villanies to be perpetrated in their midst with impunity."

The editor of the *Chicago Tribune* says:

"Here is a fugitive from a life-long and compulsory service. His heart throbbing with an irrepressible desire for liberty, a love of which is planted within him, he flies to Illinois, pursued by human bloodhounds that are on his track. They get scent of their prey and put other hounds on scent also. They overtake the trembling man on the highway, accompanied by two of his fellows, and, *without warrant or process of law*, attempt an arrest; the panting fugitive makes another effort to elude his pursuers, and is shot dead in his tracks. He is buried that his dead carcase may not taint the air; but hardly is he in his grave before evidence of his death is demanded; his body is rolled out, his head is severed from the trunk with an axe, and the Democracy look on and cry Amen! to all that is done! A Justice's Court sits for the examination of the hired murderer; the death and its horrors are glossed over with less care than would be bestowed upon a case of hog-stealing; the self accused is 'honourably' and 'promptly discharged'; the 'Democratic' organ praises the nobleness of the action, and the justice of the acquittal, and goes on, in the next article to that in which the tragedy is described, to another defence and laudation of Douglas! Yet we live in Illinois, and this is the nineteenth century!"

ANOTHER CASE—TREACHERY OF A WOMAN.

Correspondence of The Chicago Daily Tribune.

CAMP POINT, Ill., July 15, 1857.

Last evening our little village was considerably excited, by an arrest being made of a negro woman and three small children, who had escaped from their master, living at La Grange, Mo. It appears the poor creatures had been lurking in the timber, within half a mile of our place, for two or three days, and had been seen frequently by those who did not view them with any particular interest, and have even been so bold as to call on families living near their retreat for victuals, water &c. But yesterday a report was raised that a reward of $1,000 was offered for their delivery in La Grange, when "all eyes were open for the apprehension of the fugitives," and in a few minutes a party was formed and the search commenced. All day they were engaged in the stealthy tread, but no slaves were to be found, and the party, being weary, returned in the evening to refresh themselves, preparatory for another trial at night. Their fun was spoiled, however, by a messenger arriving a few minutes after they returned, informing them that the negroes had been decoyed into the house of Mr. James Welsh, who lives at the edge of the timber in which the unfortunates were concealed. This treachery was performed by the daughter of Mr. Welsh, a young woman, who found the negroes a short distance from the house, by telling them that she was a friend to them, and that if they would go with her to the house she would give them something to eat. The crazy mother could but accept this offer for her starving children, and, without suspicion, went into the house. Before they had time to allay their hunger, the sable mother and poor helpless children were surrounded by a dozen stout men, all "armed to the teeth." In a few minutes a hack was procured and the poor creatures were fast returning to their bondage.

SEIZURE OF A VESSEL.—The brig Flora, of Newcastle, Me., has been seized by the U. S. Marshal for bringing to New York a native Krooman from the coast of Africa, in violation of law, and the Captain is, also, subject to arrest. John Davis—that is the name of the native—is marked by the usual tatoo down the forehead and nose, and the filed front teeth, which identify him as a subject of the British Government.

POLITICS.

The Republicans of New York will hold their State Convention at Syracuse, Sept. 23.

David Wilmot, the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania, having been interrogated by the "American State Council" as to his sentiments upon the various points of the Know-Nothing creed, has written a letter intended to secure the votes of the Know-Nothing party. How hard it is for a politician to stand squarely upon any platform of principles!

It is reported that the Radical (anti-Banks) Republicans of Massachusetts talk seriously of establishing a new paper in Boston, *The Traveller* not suiting them. The *Bee*, which now supports Banks, is said to be on the point of being transferred to new hands, when it will run up the flag of Gov. Gardner, who is nervously apprehensive that in the new adjustment of parties in Massachusetts he may, at the close of his present term of office, be left standing out in the cold. Henry Wilson's seat in the Senate is the object of his present aspirations, but it is doubtful if his late efforts to make unto himself friends of the mammon of hunkerism have been so successful as he hoped they might be.

Humphrey Marshall, the leader of the Know-Nothing party in Kentucky, having described it as "a broad and quiet river, that takes its noiseless way through the plain, diffusing fertility and beauty on all sides, and losing itself only in the expanded ocean of the nation's weal," an ex-member retorts by saying that, according to *his* experience, it is like a country road he once travelled, which, at the start, was broad and plain, straight and smooth, promising a pleasant journey and speedy arrival at the desired goal, but soon began to twist around fences and wind through the woods, becoming less distinct at every step, until, at last, it ended in a rabbit track, and ran into the ground.

The *Boston Journal*, like some other political papers of hunkerish propensities, is sagacious enough to keep an eye open to the movements of the Abolitionists. In a late number it publishes the resolutions introduced by Mr. Pillsbury in the late New England Convention, but which that body did not adopt, impaling the Republican party upon some pretty sharp quotations from the speeches of some of its leaders, and seeks to make capital out of them as affording evidence of Mr. Banks's unpopularity with radical anti-slavery men.

The emancipation party in Missouri, having no candidate of their own for Governor, are supporting Rollins, the American candidate, as a friend of free discussion and less objectionable than Stewart, the candidate of the Border Ruffian Democracy. The tide runs so strong, on this ground, in favour of Rollins, that the Democracy are induced to claim that their candidate is not opposed to emancipation. The St. Louis *Daily Chronicle* says:

"*It is quite certain that Mr. Stewart will not oppose the gradual abolition of slavery, provided that it will be done by legal means.*

"It is not difficult to controvert the charge of our opponents that Stewart is the candidate of the slaveholders, and in favour of the extension of slavery. Col. Stewart owns no slaves, *he is not opposed to the gradual abolition of slavery—far from it! He would be among the first to lend his hands to carry out that measure.*"

The *Providence Journal*, alluding to the statement of the *Pennsylvanian*, that an attempt was made to appease Col. Forney by the offer to him of the Liverpool Consulship, "which should be *made to him* worth $25,000 per annum," $10,000 to be paid in cash, says:

"Let it be noted, this statement does not come from the opponents of the Administration; it is the confession of its friends. What are the services for which this enormous sum is offered to compensate one man? What are the secrets that were to be silenced by this bribe? Why is there such an alarm felt through the whole party because the man who did so much for the nomination of Buchanan, who managed the election in Pennsylvania which secured his triumph, who was very generally designated as the leading supporter of his Administration, and his confidential, personal and political friend, now proposes to start a newspaper? Col. Forney knows how Pennsylvania was carried, against the sentiments of the people. He cannot disclose all that without confessing his own agency in it; but a disappointed man will sometimes commit a suicidal act in revenge for the injuries which he has sustained."

Senator Brown, of Mississippi, a leader of the party in that State and one of the Committee appointed to inform Mr. Buchanan of his nomination by the Cincinnati Convention, has made a disclosure of the President's opinions which will excite surprise in some quarters. The political contest is raging hotly now in Mississippi, and Mr. Brown is a candidate for reelection to the U. S. Senate. At Yazoo, on the 4th of July, he made a speech, in which he said:

"He did not believe that Mr. Buchanan would suffer Walker to retain his place as Governor of that Territory; but if he did, the South would rise up and denounce him as false to the great principles of the Kansas bill, and a traitor to her best interests. He, for one, would do so, and so would every true Southerner. *He had heard it from the President's own lips, that this thing of Squatter Sovereignty was one of the most damnable heresies that was ever broached in this or any other country, and that he (the President) would leave nothing undone to throttle it.* Mr. B. had told the speaker this in all sincerity, and he believed him. *He had no doubt but that Walker's appointment would be cancelled.*"

What will Gen. Cass say to this?

A plan is said to be on foot for bringing out Robert C. Winthrop as a candidate for Governor of Massachusetts, in opposition to Banks. The plan contemplates a coalition of the fossil Whigs, the Gardner Know-Nothings and the Slave Democracy. The Boston correspondent of the *Times* thus enlightens us in regard to this project:

"The Democrats are in love with the idea, and some of them say that they will contribute half the number of votes necessary to elect the gentleman, if the Know-Nothings, Whigs, and so forth, will raise the other half. How Mr. Winthrop himself will look at the plan, we have yet to learn. It will not be very pleasant to him to know that the Democrats did not think of him until they had failed with a still more eminent Whig. They sent a Committee to no less a man than the eloquent and accomplished Choate, upon whose shoulders fell the broad mantle of Webster. Mr. Choate received them with his usual urbanity, but declined the doubtful honour which they wished to confer upon him. He said that he could not entertain the proposition on any terms, and that Mr. Banks was sure to be elected.

"Mr. Winthrop would probably make a better candidate for the Know-Nothings to unite upon with Democrats than Mr. Choate, but it is by no means certain that the old Whigs would exert themselves in the former's behalf; and in the event of the contest being narrowed down to a fair stand-up fight between two parties, it is quite probable that the Whigs will hold the decision of that fight in their hands. They reverence the memory of Mr. Webster, and they know that he did not like Mr. Winthrop. Ask Mr. B********d, of your City, what were the words applied to Mr. Winthrop by Mr. Webster during the latter's last illness. They were the reverse of complimentary. Whether they were deserved or not, is quite another matter; but the spirit that dictated them yet exists, and might be brought into our contest with even more effect than other spirits have had on the learned men of Cambridge."

The course of the *New York Times*, in turning its back upon the Republican party and lending itself to the support of Gov. Walker's movements in Kansas, is exciting a good deal of indignation in various quarters. The fact that one of the chief proprietors of the paper is an unscrupulous pro-slavery Democrat is naturally enough suspected to have some connection with the change that has come o'er the spirit of its dreams; and it is believed by many to be his intention to make it eventually the organ of the Administration in this city and the recipient of such crumbs of patronage as the President is accustomed to dispense to the presses that lend him their support. Mr. Raymond, the editor in chief, is conveniently absent just at this time, and when he comes home he can repudiate or endorse the course of his subordinates, as the exigencies of political warfare and his own personal ambition may require. The *Chicago Tribune* gives a truthful sketch of Mr. Raymond's character:

"Were Mr. Raymond at his post, we could not assure the Western readers of the *Times* that they would be more honestly served. He has won the reputation, we believe fairly, of having more shrewdness than devotion—of being more solicitous for pence than principles; and though he managed to get through the Fremont campaign without gross defection, no sooner did that close by the defeat of the Fremont party than he began to show his solicitude to wriggle himself over to the winning side. That the issues before the country are unchanged seemed to matter very little to him. Before his departure for Europe, he so far succeeded in accomplishing his wishes that his Border Ruffian associates here had no difficulty in doing for his paper all that he left undone. Pure shame, it is charitable to think, would not let him remain at home while the transformation was going on. Hereafter we quote the *Times*, as we do the Missouri *Republican* or New Orleans *Delta*, as Border Ruffian authority, and as such all Republicans will do well to receive it."

RETURNED FROM THE SOUTH.—We learn from the Rochester *Democrat* that the Rev. Henry Cherry, formerly a Missionary of the American Board in India, and for several years past pastor of a Presbyterian Church in the State of Georgia, has returned to Rochester, where he formerly resided. He intends removing to Michigan. Mr. Cherry did not escape the disagreeable political influences to which Northern preachers are subject in the South; but to the inquiries respecting his political sentiments, he returned answer that such questions the Presbytery was not authorized to propound, nor he required to answer. Of course, such a response did not quiet the fears of the ultra slaveholders, and he was subject to irksome espionage and suspicions. In the North, he will breathe freer and his children will receive more wholesome education.

PERSONAL.

Wendell Phillips and family are residing for the Summer at Billerica (near Lowell), Mass.

The wife of Senator Fessenden, of Maine, died suddenly at the Glen House, White Mountains, a few days since.

Dr. Bailey, of the *National Era*, and his family, are spending their summer vacation at Wakefield, near Newport, Rhode Island.

Bayard Taylor writes from London, July 1st, to *The Tribune* as follows:

Mr. Sumner is here, at Maurigy's Hotel, in Regent street. I have not yet seen him, but some friends tell me he is looking very well. No American has ever been more popular in England than Mr. Sumner, and he is at present floating on the top wave of London society. I heard the other day a good story of his arrival here. He entered his name upon the book as simply "Mr. Sumner, Boston," and was accordingly set down by the host and his flunkeys as an ordinary traveller. The next morning one of the latter came to Mr. Sumner's room in some excitement, and said: "Lord Brougham is down stairs, sir, asking for you." To the waiter's amazement, Mr. S. quietly said, without exhibiting the least surprise—"Very well; show him up." Not long afterward the former came, still more excited: "Sir, the Lord Chief Justice has called, and he asks for *you!*" "Show him up," was again the cool reply. After his lordship had departed, the waiter came once more, bewildered and a little aggravated: "Sir, *sir*, the Lord Chancellor of England has called to see you!" "Show him up," repeated Mr. S. These astonishing facts were no doubt at once communicated to the landlord, for the next day's *Morning Post* announced the arrival of "His Excellency, the Hon. Mr. Sumner," at Maurigy's Hotel.

Since the publication, some months since, of reports prejudicial to the moral character of the Rev. Samuel R. Ward, we have examined our Jamaica (W. I.) exchanges to see if we could find any allusion to his movements. Our search, heretofore entirely unsuccessful, has just revealed the following enigmatical card in the Jamaica *Morning Journal* of July 5th, where it appears as an advertisement. What was the nature of the libel to which Mr. Ward alludes does not appear.

A CARD.—REV. S. R. WARD hopes a Christian public will give no credit to a libellous placard industriously circulated, to which no name is appended.

Mr. Ward deems it quite sufficient to say that those "statements" were extorted from a boy, whose character is well known as a liar, thief, forger, and an obtainer of goods and money under false pretences; and that those statements were made at the instigation of an individual who, since the 23d of April last, has been suspended from office and membership in a Christian Church for (among other things) bearing false witness, and who, since the 16th of June, has been excommunicated for open public blasphemy and slander—an individual whom a Member of Parliament, on the 21st ult., reminded of being guilty of having broken the 7th Commandment with at least twelve married women.

Mr. Ward feels confident that, among gentlemen, his good name will not suffer, if he does not stoop to take any further notice of a tissue of falsehoods thus conceived, begotten and brought forth.

July 5, 1857.

THE TRACT SOCIETY'S SOUTHERN FACE.

THE managers at the Tract House, while treating with utter neglect all the appeals and remonstrances of such of the Northern supporters of the Society as desire them to publish something against slavery, appear to be busily engaged in conciliating the slaveholders of the South, and convincing *them* that the resolutions of the Committee of Investigation, which Dr. Thompson of *The Independent* so promptly accepted and endorsed, didn't mean anything in particular, and therefore should excite in their minds no apprehensions of evil to come upon the blessed institution by which they are enabled to extort labour without wages and raise black babies for the market. We published on the 18th ult. a Circular, privately addressed by the Secretaries to Southern Colporteurs, Agents, and others, evidently intended to counteract the impression that the Committee was about to do what *The Independent* and kindred journals assume that the Society had instructed them to do. And now we have before us the Easton (Md.) *Star* of the 7th ult.—a journal published in the very hotbed of the domestic traffic in slaves—in which we find a communication signed, officially, by the General Agent of the Society for Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia. It is in reply to some criticism that had appeared in the *Star*, and concludes as follows:

"You will therefore permit me to say,

"1. That the *Colporteurs* of the American Tract Society are not permitted to sell or distribute any other books than those issued by the Society.

"2. Of the 250 millions of publications that have gone out from the Tract House, there has not been one word on the subject of *slavery!*

"3. I have the assurance of the officers of the Society '*that they will abide by the Constitution and publish only what is agreed to by evangelical Christians all over the country.*'

"G. W. KENNEDY.
Genl. Agt. A. T. S., Md., D. C. and Va.

Trappe, Talbot Co., Md.

The slave-breeding Christians (!) of the Chesapeake, thus reassured, will doubtless indicate their gratitude by their *usual* liberal contributions to the Society's treasury!

ANOTHER SLAVE HUNT IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE following letter we find in the *New York Times* of Wednesday. We trust "Jim" is safe from his pursuers.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, July 27, 1857.

Yesterday afternoon a rumour was afloat that a negro man named Jim, who had accompanied his master (Mr. Charles Parlange) from New Orleans to this city, had left his master for the purpose of tasting the sweets of freedom. It was alleged by Mr. Parlange that the said "Jim" had taken with him two tin boxes, one of which contained money. Mr. Parlange went on his way to New York *viâ* the Camden and Amboy Railroad, and upon his arrival at the Walnut street wharf with two ladies, "Jim" was missing. Mr. Parlange immediately made application to a Mr. Wallace, who is a Police officer stationed at the Walnut street Dépôt. Mr. Wallace got into a carriage with Mr. Parlange and the two ladies, and, as Mr. Wallace stated, drove back to the Girard House, where "Jim" had not been heard of since he had left for the Walnut street wharf. A story was then set afloat to the effect that a negro of a certain but very particular description (such as Louisiana nigger-drivers only can give) had stolen two boxes as stated above. A notice signed "Clarke" was received at the Police Telegraph Office by the operator (David Wunderly), containing a full description of Jim, also offering a reward of $100 for his capture. This notice was telegraphed to all the Wards in every section. This morning Mr. Wunderly found fault with the reporters using the information, and, in presence of some four or five persons, said the notice signed "Clarke" was a private paper and no reporter had a right to look at it, at the same time asserting that if he knew where the nigger was he would give him up, as $100 did not come along every day. The Policeman Wallace expressed the utmost fear for the name of Mr. Parlange transpiring, and stated that he was an intimate friend of his. It does not seem that the matter was communicated to the Wards by any official authority whatever, and who the "Clarke" is, whose name was signed to the notice, has not yet transpired. Some of the papers noticed it briefly this morning, which has set several of the officers on their tips.

There is little doubt that "Jim" has merely exercised his own judgment about remaining with his master any longer, and took this opportunity to betake himself to freedom. It is assumed that he was to precede his master to Walnut street wharf with the baggage; but, singular enough to say, no complaint has been made about the baggage being missed, simply the two tin boxes, and particularly the one containing money. This is doubtless a *ruse* to engage the services of the Philadelphia Police in the interesting game of nigger hunting. Mr. Parlange, if he is sojourning in your city, will doubtless be glad to learn that the matter of his man "Jim" and the two tin boxes has received ample publicity. W. H.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.—Greeley and McElrath, publishers of *The Tribune*, are entitled to the thanks of the public for condensing into a pamphlet of 104 pages all that is essential of the official report of the Decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott. The pamphlet contains, 1, The Case, as made up for and submitted to the Court; 2, The Judgment as rendered by Chief-Justice Taney, with his Opinion in full on the various matters in dispute; 3, The Substance and varying Points of the wholly or partially concurring Opinions and Points of Justices Wayne, Nelson, Grier, Daniel, Campbell and Catron; 4, The Substance and Points of Justice McLean's dissenting Opinion; 5, The dissenting Opinion in full of Justice Curtis; 6, An Analysis of the Points Ruled, and the Opinions delivered; 7, The Report and Resolves with reference to this Decision of the Legislature of our State.

The pamphlet will be sent by mail to any U. S. post-office for 25 cents.

NATIONAL DISUNION CONVENTION.—We invite the careful attention of every one of our readers to the Call for a National Disunion Convention which it is proposed to hold some time in October next, and to the Circular accompanying the same, which we publish this week. Copies of both, printed on a letter sheet for circulation, may be obtained at this office, and our friends both in the city and country are requested to call and supply themselves therewith, and aid in obtaining signatures to the call. We shall say more on this subject shortly.

THE PENALTY FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL IN KENTUCKY.—On Sunday, July 19th, at Cummins, Rockcastle Co., Ky., the Rev. John G. Fee, the Rev. J. Richardson and the Rev. J. M. McLean were engaged in holding a meeting for religious worship. While Mr. Fee was delivering a sermon, an armed mob forced their way into the church, broke up the meeting, seized the three ministers, and, after abusing and insulting them, finally decided that they should be taken out of the County. Mr. Fee was struck on the head and considerably injured. On the way out, a distance of about ten miles, every opportunity was improved by the mob to insult and abuse their victims, and they heralded through the neighbourhood they passed that they had three horse-thieves and nigger-thieves that they were going to lynch. The mob was composed of the lowest class of Kentuckians, and all of them drunk; yet such is the state of public opinion that it would be useless to prosecute. The immediate cause of the outrage was the attempt to establish a school there. Schools are regarded as most dangerous and incendiary institutions in that part of Kentucky.

We have this account from the Cincinnati *Gazette*. Mr. Fee, as most of our readers know, is an orthodox clergyman, who has been preaching an anti-slavery gospel in Northern Kentucky for about a dozen years. He was, at one time, a missionary of the American Home Missionary Society. His preaching against slavery gave great offence to his Presbyterian brethren, who attempted to drive him from the field by a series of petty annoyances and persecutions. The Presbytery, we believe, took away his license, and demanded of the Home Missionary Society that it should no longer employ him. The Managers of that Society, however, refused to comply with the demand, but at length Mr. Fee himself chose to enter into the service of the American Missionary Society. His faithfulness has won for him the bitter hostility of the worst class of slaveholders and of the sons of Belial generally. He has organized, we believe, a dozen churches, to which no slaveholder can be admitted, and carried the torch of freedom into the strongholds of despotism. Of late other ministers have come to his aid, and the two who had the honour of suffering with him as above related are, we presume, his avowed coadjutors. The pro-slavery churches in the region no doubt sympathize with the mob, and would rejoice if this exhibition of violence should constrain those faithful preachers of righteousness to flee from the State. Not a few of the most influential churches at the North also would be ready to exult at the success of the mob in relieving their Southern brethren of the embarrassment and mortification they have so long endured from the presence and example of Mr. Fee and his coadjutors.

A FEMALE REVOLUTIONIST.—A young Englishwoman is charged with having been concerned with Mazzini in promoting the late revolutionary outbreak in Genoa. The correspondent of the London *Times* writes from Turin, July 3, as follows:

"I learn that a young lady, a British subject, has also been arrested and ordered to leave the Sardinian States forthwith, to which she strenuously objects, and protests that she will only yield to brute force. The lady alluded to is a Miss White, who is said to be well known in those political coteries in England of which Signor Mazzini is the great attraction. She came to this country some months since and was received with acclamations by the admirers of the apostle of revolution and republicanism, as his most intimate friend, and as such she received marks of deference and respect from his followers both in Genoa and Turin. There are not many believers in Mazzini in this town; nevertheless, when Miss White visited the capital of the Sardinian kingdom a month or two ago, a serenade was got up to compliment her by a society of so-called 'tradesmen,' and it is said that, in returning thanks to these amateur musicians for their perseverance in blowing under her windows on a very rainy night, she told them they would do much better, in her opinion, if they would go home and prepare themselves to fight for their liberty, &c. In fact, whether rightly or wrongly, Miss White has been regarded by all parties here as an agent of Mazzini, and the government, I believe, took the same view, but abstained from using its authority towards her so long as her residence was productive of no further mischief than some republican speeches; but now it would appear that the government has thought proper, in consequence of recent events at Genoa, to require this lady to quit its territory, and she appeals against what she, of course, calls their abominable tyranny, to the British Legation for protection. I have not heard what reply Sir James Hudson has given to this demand, but I should very much doubt his interfering to stay the decision of the Sardinian government, after studying the merits of Miss White's case."

Mazzini is said to have made his escape from Leghorn on board a ship carrying the American flag. Miss White has declared her intention to undergo a trial rather than consent to leave the country.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for July affords gratifying evidence that the work, in passing into the hands of new editors, has lost nothing of the vigour which formerly marked its pages. The present conductors are Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., and Rev. E. E. Hale. The contents of this number are as follows, viz.:

I. BROOKS'S FAUST.
II. COMPTE'S RELIGION OF HUMANITY.
III. INDIA'S APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN UNITARIANS.
IV. PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS AND PUBLIC MORALITY.
V. THE DECISION OF THE SUPREME COURT IN THE DRED SCOTT CASE.
VI. JAMES MARTINEAU.
VII. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.
NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The writer of the article on the Dred Scott case arrives at the conclusion that the only important practical decision of the Court is that which certainly commands the vote of a majority of the Judges, viz.: that it is unconstitutional for Congress to pass a law prohibiting slavery in the Territories. "We are inclined, therefore," he says, "to take courage under the weight of this attack which the Supreme Court has made upon what have been considered some of the fundamental principles of our government. We trust we may look upon its manifestoes—so much more like the arguments of the stump than the edicts of a tribunal—as *brutum fulmen et inane*, and wait for future events with that tranquillity and patience that grow out of a steadfast belief that the future of nations is in the hands neither of Courts nor of Congresses."

The article on Amusements is a vindication of the views held by Progressive Friends and so ably presented recently by Dr. Bellows.

The publishers of *The Examiner* is New York are C. S. Francis & Co., 554 Broadway.

HOW THE GOVERNMENT HELPS THE FILLIBUSTERS.—Gen. Wool, who had command of the California division of the United States forces during the Pierce Administration, explains how the Government, while pretending to great vigilance in support of the neutrality laws, yet contrives to facilitate the movements of the fillibusters. Gen. Wool, acting on the assumption that his instructions to that effect were given to be obeyed, and that President Pierce's proclamation directing "all officers of the Government, civil and military, to use any efforts which may be in their power to arrest for trial and punishment" any persons engaged in fitting out armed expeditions to foreign countries, was given in good faith, caused the arrest and conviction of certain parties employed in enlisting recruits for Walker, who was then in Lower California, of which he had taken possession, and proclaimed himself President; and in consequence of this disappointment in the failure of his supplies Walker was driven out of the Mexican territory. The Secretary of War (Jeff. Davis), instead of commending the General for his vigilance, promptly snubbed him therefor and told him that it was not expected or desired of him that he should *originate* arrests and prosecutions, but only that he should support the civil power when called upon so to do. The officers in the civil department understood that the proclamations against the fillibusters were intended as a cheat, and therefore took no notice of them; while Gen. Wool was kept from interfering by Jeff. Davis's special instructions. This explains how the scoundrel Walker was enabled to organize his Nicaraguan expedition openly, without interference from the United States authorities.

UNEQUIVOCAL TESTIMONY.—What a contrast between the straight-forward and outspoken utterance of the Old School Covenanters on the subject of slavery and the diluted, compromising resolutions on the strength of which many other ecclesiastical bodies claim to be regarded as anti-slavery! It is refreshing to find a religious body which dares to pronounce slavery a sin and shape its action in harmony with its convictions. How long would slavery maintain a foothold in the country if all religious denominations should follow the example of the Covenanters? [See first page.]

IMPORTANT TESTIMONY in regard to the fruits of Emancipation in the British West Indies will be found in our columns this week. The Anniversary of that Emancipation is the most fitting time for the exhibition of authentic evidence of its beneficent workings, and accordingly we have been at some inconvenience to make room in our present issue for the testimony which has just reached us in the current number of the London *Anti-Slavery Reporter*.

OUR thanks are due to Hon. John P. Hale for the second volume of Reports of the Mississippi and Pacific Exploring Expedition, made under the direction of the Secretary of War in 1853-4.

Summary.

The rough denizens of the Five Points are not without touches of human kindness. A few days since, Rev. Mr. Pease was maltreated by some Water street rowdies in that neighbourhood, when the Cow Boys took up their cudgels in his favour, and gave them a sound thrashing.

A GOOD RETORT.—"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are like a donkey, and what do they do to cure him of his stupidity?"

"Why they feed him more, and kick him less," said the urchin.

CHICKENS COUNTED BEFORE HATCHED.—A very amusing incident took place at the public speaking of the Congressional candidates in Hickman, Ky., on Tuesday last. The editor of the *Times* published an account of the speeches, and how Grimes, his favourite, had used Burnett up, *three hours before the speaking commenced!* Unfortunately for him, Burnett got a copy of the paper, and was cruel enough to read it to his audience.—*Paducah Herald.*

FIRE-PLACE SHUTTERS.—In many of the first class houses recently erected in England, fire-place shutters are provided, which, when partly drawn down, act as powerful blowers, and when wholly drawn down, so as to touch the bare hearthstone, entirely close up the fire-place, and instantly extinguish the combustion of the fuel in the grate, or that of the soot in the chimney, should it accidentally take fire.

THREE MEN SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—The two negroes recently convicted of setting fire to the Maryland Penitentiary, and the German, found guilty last week of committing a heinous offence on a little girl only five years of age, were, a few days ago, sentenced by Judge Stump, of the Criminal Court, to be hung. Having received their sentence from the Court, it remains for the Governor to appoint the day on which they shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

A DEMOCRAT AT THE POLLS.—Colonel Preston, of Louisville, Ky., the Democratic member of Congress, and an active, leading Buchanan man, is at present on trial for brawling and rioting at the polls, and drawing a loaded revolver upon certain gentlemen opposed to him in politics. The valour of Col. P. was, fortunately for himself, satisfied with merely drawing and presenting the pistol, which was immediately wrenched from his grasp.

ABOLITIONISTS AND SOUTHERN DISUNIONISTS.—One of the fire-eating disunionists of Georgia says, in his paper, that it would be well if every Abolitionist in the United States adorned the end of a rope. He should remember, says the Louisville *Journal*, that every rope has two ends, and, if it would be well that a Northern Abolitionist should adorn one end, it would be equally well that a Southern Disunionist should deck the other.

HIGH SALARIES.—Mr. Moran, the new President of the New York and Erie Railroad Company, is to receive a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year—exactly what is paid to the President of the United States, and more, probably, than is paid to any functionary in this country.

No! The head man in Stuart's sugar refining business received for several years a salary of $30,000; but he resigned his place for more profitable employment.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

We have advices from Utah to the 2d of July. The Mormons had received tidings of the military preparations of the Government, but the news had excited little alarm. The tone of Young's organ is confident and boastful. Federal office-holders are affectionately informed that Utah is not a desirable abiding-place for them, and that "they will not find it congenial to their health." Governmental appointments for Territories are denounced in unmeasured terms as a relic of barbarous colonial usage.

HORRID MURDER.—About 8 o'clock on the morning of the 1st inst. a shocking murder was committed near Madison, in Monroe County, Mo., upon the person of Mrs. Davis, the wife of John Davis, by a negro belonging to the latter. The murderer made his escape. Mr. Davis was in St. Louis at the time. The negro was about forty years old, five feet six inches high, and is named George. He is of black colour, pleasant countenance while conversing, wore small whiskers or a goatee, and is supposed to have a rifle gun with him. In the absence of Mr. Davis, his friends offer a liberal reward for the murderer.

THE EDITORS' FIGHT AT LOUISVILLE.—A fight came off this (Tuesday) afternoon in Louisville, between Geo. D. Prentice, editor of the *Journal*, and R. T. Durrit, editor of the *Courier*. Prentice way-laid Durrit as he passed along Jefferson street from dinner, and shot at him three times. Durrit returned the compliment, and shot twice at Prentice, but nobody was hit or hurt. Prentice, when he made the attack, was surrounded by a crowd of friends, all armed to the teeth, and prepared to back him. The excitement is great.—*Cor. of the Cincinnati Gazette.*

AWFUL WARNING TO SABBATIZERS.—We learn from the New York *Observer* that a party of twenty-five persons, old and young, who had come together on Sunday in a church—St. Phillip's church, Strongville, Ohio—and come together expressly for worship, were suddenly rendered insensible by a flash of lightning, which also did much damage to the building. This judgment, however, was tempered with mercy, and they all recovered, with a few slight injuries. It is to be hoped that they will be careful henceforth where they spend their Sabbaths.—C. K. W.—*Liberator.*

A JUST REBUKE AND A MERITED COMPLIMENT.—An extra session of the Legislature of Massachusetts is now being held in Boston, mainly for the purpose of forming the State into new Senatorial Districts, under the late census. In the House of Representatives on Tuesday last, on motion of Mr. Nowell, of Boston, it was "ordered that Rev. Wm. R. Alger be invited to address the members of this House, during the present session, at such time as shall suit his convenience." This is deservedly complimentary to Mr. Alger, and a just rebuke to the city authorities for their contemptible conduct towards him.—*Liberator.*

A FAIR HIT.—A book agent calling on a gentleman in Wilkinson County, a few days since, to solicit a subscription for a book soon to be published in New York, "No, sir!" said the planter, "I do not want a book from that abolition hole. I would not have it at any price!" "Very well," said the agent, "I can suit you! Here, sir, is a book published in Boston. As Mississippi gets her *code printed there*, you cannot, of course, object to my books!"

We believe our planting friend came down and took both the books, one from New York and the other from Boston.—*Natchez (Miss.) Free Trader.*

John O. Wattles, Esq., from Moneka, was robbed of a fine silver watch, at the residence of Charles Stearns, in this city, on Tuesday morning last. Mr. W. left his watch in his clothes, in his sleeping apartment, and while out to feed his horses in the morning the watch was stolen. Mr. Stearns lost a hundred dollars in money at the same time, which was taken from his clothes. The Administration rewards crime in Kansas by appointing murderers and horse-thieves to responsible offices. The thief, in this instance, is expected to send forward his name to Washington to *obtain his reward.*—(*Kansas*) *Herald of Freedom, July* 18.

HENRY WARD BEECHER is said to be a patron-spirit of boys. The boys of Brooklyn, it is said, would all make him the President of the United States to-morrow, if it depended on their vote. He saves them from the police—he pays their fines when they break windows—he tells them he used to like to do it himself. The evening before the fourth of July, the usual Plymouth Church prayer-meeting was somewhat disturbed by the firing of crackers in the entry and under the windows. Most ministers would have put on a very solemn look and given a peremptory order to seize or drive away the boys; but Beecher smiled and said, "That's somewhat annoying to us, but I presume the boys enjoy it; indeed I remember a time when I used to enjoy such things myself."

A SPIRITUAL PICTURE.—An ambrotype copy of a coloured crayon, said to have been drawn by a spiritual medium in a trance state, has been laid on our table. It purports to be a representation of a lady who has been thirty-three years in the spheres. A letter from the lady's brother states that the portrait resembles her, according to the best of his recollection. The only thing peculiar about it is the fact that the medium who painted it in crayon has not the least artistic knowledge. The dress of the lady is very elegant, and it must be pleasant for those women who believe in the spiritual part of the affair to know that they shall be allowed to occupy themselves with ornamental trifles in the great hereafter.—*Springfield Republican.*

A NEGRO APPOINTED TO OFFICE IN WISCONSIN—SECRETARY OF STATE REFUSES TO FILE THE BOND.—On the 9th day of July, 1857, a commission, as notary public, was issued by Governor Bashford to H. N. Nolan, a person of nut-brown complexion and negro extraction, who has resided in this city many years as barber, ice cream saloon keeper and leader of a cotillion band. He also invented the "capitalavium" and "tricopherous," two varieties of "dog waters" in general use and circulation for the hair. The commission is issued with all the proper formalities, and the bond required by law is signed by Wm. H. Nolan and by Wm. B. Jarvis as bondsmen. But the Secretary of State, Colonel Jones, refuses to file the bond, and on it we find the following endorsement: "This appointment is in violation of the Constitution, and therefore void."—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat, July* 16.

ANOTHER RUNAWAY POND.—The ponds in Vermont appear to have a natural disposition to run away. The old folks will remember how, about 50 years since, a natural pond in Glover broke through its northern embankment and made tracks for Canada by the way of the Memphremagog Lake; tracks which are visible to the present day. On the 6th inst., a natural trout pond in Plainfield performed a similar feat, only that it sought her Majesty's dominions through Lake Champlain instead of the Magog. In its hurry it made no stop to parley with bridges, but swept away about a dozen of them; entered cornfields without leave, prostrating fences, and one shop. There had been no rain to provoke this breach of the peace. The day was fair, and no reason is assigned for the discontented movement.

GETTING IN HAY ON SUNDAY.—A case of Sabbath-breaking was tried at South Windsor, last Saturday, before Justice John Moore. It appeared that Mr. D. G. Sperry, proprietor of the hotel in that place, had some hay out, which had been wet in the storms previous to Sunday of last week. Sunday morning being clear, though there were indications of another storm, which would have ruined the hay, it was properly put into the barn and saved. For doing this, Mr. Sperry and his seven assistants were prosecuted by Mr. Grand Juror Clapp. Wm. W. Eaton, Esq., appeared for the defendant, and H. K. W. Welch, Esq., for the pros cution. The Justice dismissed the case as an unsound one—Mr. Sperry being justified by the evidence.—*Hartford Times.*

THE SCARLET LETTER.—A curious illustration of an old mode of punishment, immortalized by Hawthorne in his "Scarlet Letter," occurs in one of the earliest volumes of the Records of the General Court of Massachusetts Bay. Under date of March 4, 1633, "It is ordered that Robert Coles, for Drunkenness, by him committed at Rocksbury, shall be disfranchised, wear about his neck and so to hang upon his Outward Garment a D., made of Red Clouth, and sett upon White, to continue this for a year, and not to leave it of at any Time when he comes among Company, Under the Penalty of ten Pounds for the first Offence, &c.

* * * *

Also, to wear the D. outwards, and is enjoyned to appear at the next General Court, to continue there till the Court be ended."

Hester Prynne, the heroine of Hawthorne's story, it will be remembered, wore the letter A, the initial letter of her offence.

REMARKABLE CASE OF CANINE SAGACITY.—A certain broker had a dog, remarkable for its intelligence. Every Saturday morning the dog received from its master a one-dollar bill, which it carried carefully to market, and with which it paid its meat bill for the week. One day, through press of business, the broker neglected to give Bepo his customary allowance, and through street and warehouse, mart and exchange, the dog followed his master, who wondered at such unusual attendance. At last, suddenly ensconced in his office chair, the broker had time to recollect the cause of honest Bepo's pertinacity, and, carefully taking a bill from his pocket, he threw it to the dog, expecting to see him depart as usual. But to his surprise and annoyance the dog, placing his fore paw on the note, gave four sharp barks in rapid succession, and continued this interesting performance until his master angrily snatched up the note, and found the cause of the noise explained—*the bill was discounted for four per cent.*—*New Brunswick (N. J.) Times.*

GREAT CRY AND LITTLE WOOL.—The Princeton *Democrat* is sorely distressed. A negro man brought to this State, by a Mr. Lombard, from Mississippi, after working without wages for the last sixty years, concluded to try his hand in earning a spare dollar or two for himself. In pursuance of this determination he left his kind friends in Stark County, who have enjoyed the fruits of his industry so long, and came to Chicago, where he is yet. If the *Democrat* or his former owner is much distressed about the old man's welfare, a liberal contribution sent to him, we have no doubt, would be gladly received. If they would pay him for the time he has spent in unrequited service since he was fifteen years of age, he would be quite comfortably fixed for the few remaining years of his life. It is not alleged by the *Democrat* that the man is a slave; it is not alleged by his owner that he is a slave; but Owen Lovejoy stole him, free man though he is! Now, if that Lovejoy don't quit stealing *free* men, we will have him dealt with.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DO WE LIVE IN AUSTRIA?—Charles R. Roberts is Postmaster at Wirt C. H., Wirt County, Virginia, and his high-mightiness, in consequence of the fact that the Pittsburgh *Daily Despatch* is addicted to talking Free Soil doctrine, when it admits a political article at all, refuses to deliver that paper to a subscriber, who has directed it to be sent to the office over which Mr. Roberts presides. In answer to the expostulations of publisher and reader, he says that the "d—ned thing is not fit to circulate in Virginia, and that he will burn up every copy that comes into his hands." The case was reported to the Department, when Campbell was at its head; but as that Irish burlesque on all official dignity and decency was only too well suited with the conduct of his Wirt County subordinate, he was not removed. Campbell consented to order that all mail matter coming to that office should be distributed; but Roberts told him to "mind his own business," and there the matter ended. The Postmaster still holds his place, and the subscriber still fails to get his paper.—*Chicago Tribune.*

NATURE AND MATRIMONY.—To decide against marriage is first to trample upon nature and philosophy. Natural affinities and sympathies must be ignored. Miss Sedgwick's experience with girls must have taught her that a hat-band is charged with heart-quickening suggestions, that a bass voice is wonderful music, and that the vision of a pair of spurs is more charming than all the landscapes in Lenox, to a company of misses anywhere from thirteen to eighteen years old. As for boys, we know all about them. We recognised an unaccountable charm in a waist at the premature age of eight, the waist being five years old, "or thereabouts," and was killed at thirty paces by the graceful swing of a skirt just as we stepped into the golden septennial of the teens. Our youngest, a daughter, who is said to resemble—well, no matter whom—is already talking about a husband, and she has not seen her fifth winter. Where she got the idea is more than we can tell, but her doll is a boy, "as true as you live." Falstaff was "a coward upon instinct"; perhaps children are matrimonial in the same way.—*Springfield Republican.*

A SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE—SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Yesterday afternoon, a gentleman, who was walking along the line of the Columbia Railroad, about two miles west of the Market street bridge, noticed that his dog acted in a very strange manner. The animal ran backwards and forwards between his master

Miscellaneous Department.

OUT OF THE BOTTLE.

BY W. O. STODDARD.

You all remember the old eastern story,
How on a time an Arab fisher boary,
Casting his dull nets 'neath a sheltered lea,
Drew up a bottle sealed, and strange to see.

Thinking it but an ordinary bottle,
He straightway went to work and drew the stopple,
And was astounded when the seal he broke
To see a spirit rushing up like smoke.

The luckless man, that sort of thing much fearing,
And furthermore some woeful threatenings hearing,
Seduced him back to his old place, and then,
Quick as he might, he corked him up again.

Much like this Arab are the men who, casting
Their feeble nets upon the everlasting
Waters of life, bring up, instead of fish,
Some strange, odd thing, shut in some uncouth dish.

Not having seen the like before, but, thinking
It may be something good for food or drinking,
They take the cover off, so strangely wrought,
And, innocent themselves, set free a *thought*.

In vain they gaze around, amazed and frightened,
At the huge shape whose fetters they have lightened;
For here does likeness to the Arab cease!
The thought as thankless is for his release.

But he will not reënter the old bottle,
Nor come again beneath their leaden stopple;
They cannot cast him back into the sea—
Free is the thought, though fools have set him free.

—*Home Journal.*

HUGH MILLER,

THE SCIENTIFIC STONE-MASON.

The poetry of science is quite of modern growth. There are many, doubtless, still in the world who imagine that Poetry and Ignorance are companions, and that the progress of knowledge dispels the phantoms and the fancies of the poet's mind. It is wonderful how truly the noblest imagination harmonizes with true knowledge, discovery and science. The poetry of the Book of Job, of Genesis, of Homer, of Shakspeare, is true, not only to the age in which it was written, but to every age; and not only to its native country, but, so far as its imaginations correspond with universal facts, to every country; the truest poetry is the least touched or disarranged by the advancing mind and the penetrating eye of man; for knowledge, indeed, dispels phantoms; it puts to flight chimeras, but it lights a lamp which reveals a temple never seen before—a shrine whose glories are all beyond the power of fancy to traverse, or of the most exalted genius to distance or explore. The discoveries of modern skill have made the fables of the old poets the mere tales of excited fancy, as compared with the steady and deliberate delineations of the observing eye. What a retinue of attendant splendours crowd upon the eye before the teachings of modern astronomy! Sir John Herschell's last volume on that science, to the mind able to apprehend it, hangs before the enraptured and astonished vision such glories as never for a moment crossed the fancy of the most dreaming spirit in the darker and earlier ages of the world. And chemistry, with all its subtle fires and transformations; with all its alembics and mysterious retorts, deep hidden in the dark crevices of nature; the occult leags of the Divine finger among all the magic scenery of size, and colour, and form; gnomes and fairies, the people of the woods and the mountains, mysterious voices, phantom shapes; the philosopher has abundance of these perpetually haunting him, and turning the darkness and sternness of life into a bright and spirit-peopled and crowded and coloured reality. Geology is one of the most triumphant demonstrations of the power of fact to transcend fiction. What forms have been disentombed by the wand of Comparative Anatomy! The discoveries of those who first followed the magnet were strange; but the astonishment excited, as every successive ship brought tidings of new islands studding the bosom of the deep, is interior to the astonishment with which, in later times, we have been taught of worlds buried beneath that on which we now move, the wrecks of column and kingdom submerged beneath the waves, the mighty doings of water and fire, and millions of curiosities unreckoned of, until the probing and curious eye of fact sounded the depths and laid bare the wonders below.

Ay, yes! science has written a wonderful poem, rhythmical and harmonious to all whose hearts are able to receive its tones; much, we say again, has indeed been dispelled of false fantasy; the phantoms have, we say again, been put to flight; but how vast and magnificent a theatre of splendours has been opened to whosoever will enter! The temples and palaces of water nymph, nereid, and mermaid—the crystal domes beneath the sea, the ringing harmonies of the wonderful beauties of the flood—these are no more; but look beneath the deep green waves; those wonderful fairies, the coralinæ, build real worlds; islands that shall not vanish at the dance of the beam; and if upon them the merman does not wind his scaly folds, nor the mermaid comb her golden locks before her magic glass, by-and-bye, upon those very fairy platforms, men and women shall live and love; and cities, tall in the new and stately civilizations of a young world, rear themselves where they never could have existed but for the labours of a being the most insignificant of the living tribes. Dim caverns, grottoes and cells of the earth, old traditions represented them as the sleeping places of the founders of ancient dynasties—there they lay until some mystic trumpet should shiver the burial stone, and awaken them into a new and miraculous life. Kings of the rugged beard and the glossy crown we have not indeed found buried there—no Titans like those fabled to have warred against the gods have we found—nor the semblance of thrones and sceptres, imprinted or confined in the solid rocks; but Cuvier, the great magician, went, and, touching them by the wand of science, he made the sepulchres of other ages to give up their dead mastodon and mammoth. The wonderful Savian monarch, birds whose wings flitted through the heavens, and roosted in the boughs of trees, thousands of ages back; these stand forth at the touch of the wand, to no mimic life, disclosing visibly the realities of ancient worlds. The freaks of fancy fail to reach the wild and wonderful conceptions of those who have walked through the varied fields of nature. Magnetism casts into the shade all the vain practices of the necromancer and the wizard. Conceive the sublime raptures of Columbus, as he gazed, for the first time, on the long-sought islands of the West, and contrast his emotions with the poor weather-beaten fisherman of the old Celtic coracle returning from his adventures upon the waters. Conceive the raptures of Balboa, or Vasco de Gama, when first gazing on the Pacific, boundless as that range of tumbling waters appeared from the height of those rocks, and compare those sublime joys with the delight of a village solitary, when first discovering the nest of a bird or the warren of a hare; and, wide as the distance is between these humbler or loftier raptures, so wide is the distance between the vagrant flights of fancy in other times and the more calm yet lofty speculations of reality and science—to the butterfly gaily fluttering over the heath or the moor—to the moth wheeling its flight through the shady lanes in the twilight—to these little beings, could their sentience reach so far, how wide would the world of their flight appear; but how different such a flight to that of the eagle, sublimely mounting from crag to crag, and from eyrie to eyrie—so fancy, the butterfly, boasts of an extent of territory which looks poor indeed to the eye of science—the eagle.

Mr. Hugh Miller, a working stone-mason, has been one of the most diligent and enterprising of these discoverers. We know but little of him, except what we have gathered from his writings, all of which, so far as published in volumes, we have carefully read. Upwards of thirty years since he published a volume of poems; all his writings beside have been in prose, but all are characterized by true fancy—frequently on his own theme of geology—rising to imagination. He has written nothing in which he does not exhibit the capacities and powers of the poet. We are not aware how far he has had to struggle with difficulties in the pursuit of his favourite knowledge—difficulties, we know, of an insurmountable nature to any but a strong and energetic man he has had to confront—but he gives us some idea of the spirit in which he confronted them in his fine geological prose poem, called "The Old Red Sandstone." And the cheerful spirit in which he set himself at once to labour and to acquire knowledge is worthy of imitation by all who prize the lessons of instruction and the life of wisdom. He tells us that it is thirty years since he first set out, a little before sunrise, to make his first acquaintance with a life of labour and restraint, and, says he, "I have rarely had a heavier heart than on that morning. I was but a slim, loose-jointed boy at that time, fond of the pretty intangibilities of romance, and of dreaming when broad awake; and—woful change! I was now going to work at what Burns has instanced, in his 'Twa Dogs,' as the most disagreeable of all employments—to work in a quarry. Eating the passing uneasiness occasioned by a few gloomy anticipations, the portion of my life which had already gone by had been happy beyond the common lot. I had been a wanderer among rocks and woods; a reader of curious books, when I could get them; a gleaner of old traditionary stories; and now, I was going to exchange all my day-dreams, and all my amusements, for the kind of life in which men toil every day that they may be enabled to eat, and eat every day that they may be enabled to toil!"

The first day's toil gave a character to the whole of his after-life. In boring and cutting away into the rocks of old red-sandstone, there were many circumstances that excited our author's curiosity. Altogether the day passed by with fascinations and pleasure; the beginning of life was not so formidable as he anticipated; and he tells us that the next day he returned to the quarry, convinced that a very exquisite pleasure may be a cheap one, and that the busiest employment may afford labour enough to enjoy it. Although it was the beginning of winter, and the rhimy frost was upon the ground, and the snow upon the hills, he had upon that cold morning begun to see that there is no necessary connection between a life of toil and a life of wretchedness; and he goes on to tell us that when his first year of labour closed, he found that his amount of happiness had not been less than in the last of his boyhood. He found there the important truth, which he presses on the attention of his readers in his writings, that there are few professions, however humble, that do not present their peculiar advantages of observation; none in which the exercise of the faculties does not lead to employment.

We have said that Mr. Miller published a volume of poems, and it is now lying before us. A few extracts, especially as it is a rare volume, shall be placed before our readers in the ensuing pages; but the volume wants the individuality of succeeding works. At the time when it was published the author must have been very young, and, therefore, it may be regarded as a work rich in promise; but it does not contain anything which can be compared with the productions of his later years. Fancy is there, and great sweetness and smoothness of expression, and an evident love of nature, and capacity of rendering some of her scenes into very sweet verses; but the poetry is not so rich as in the "Old Red Sandstone." The following epitaph is full of pathos and meaning:

"Morsel pass'd o'er Death's dark swallow,
Here lies * * * * strait'd, puir fallow!
A' his whims an' wild moods over,
Mute the band, and staid the rover.

"Dost thou wish to ken his failings?
Troth, guid friend, they were na sma' anes;
Yet, though rude, and wild, and careless,
There are wiser folks could bear less.

"Restless, as the restless sea, still;
Puir he was, and puir wad be still;
Warl's gear, he did not reck it;
Earth his ain, he scarce wad seek it.

"Puir folk! he saw mean anes press you,
But, alas! could not redress you;
Vain folk! he look'd down upon you;
Rich folk! he sought nothing from you.

"Mean heart, gang your ways, forget him,
But think twice before you wyte him!
When he breath'd ye durst na raise him;
Wretch, begone! nor blame nor praise him.

"Warm heart! pass na heedless by him;
Brave heart! let the fules descry him;
Leal heart! thou hadst sure caress'd him,
For the blin' wi' gowd might trust him.

"What was guid in life he kent it;
Quiet he lived, he died contented.
Twa, three, honest bodies mourn'd him;
All the rest or blamed or scorned him.

"Here he lies, all calm and lanely;
Lofties brows maun lie as meanly;
Blume, ye wild field flowries o'er him!
Birdies, wi' your sangs, deplore him!"

These are his verses, justifying all that we have said of them, and perhaps much more; but in the "Old Red Sandstone" a peculiarly rich and racy fancy developes itself; from this fresh and unpretending book more rudimental information may be obtained in reference to geological formations than from any half-dozen books in our language. Figures and analogies suggest themselves readily to the writer's mind, from all the regions of romance; from Shakspeare, from the "Arabian Nights," from Smollett. The young man groping his way cannot err, with a steady lamp like this in his hand as a guide. In reading this book, he will find almost a panoramic display of the scenery of the Old Worlds; the reader is borne along to mark the rise and fall of dynasties of trees; he sails, on a raft of some lepidodendron, down the lakes and ancient seas of the primeval world. We use an orrery to explain the motions of the heavenly bodies; but Mr. Miller has so completely caught the life, the colour, the scenery of the forest, and rock, and fish, and flower of that time, that, when he delivers his lecture to us, he paints so accurately, we have the figure or the landscape immediately presented to our view. Thus, commenting on the remark that the Old Red Sandstone is remarkably barren of fossils, that it is therefore uninteresting, and that little is known of it, he pertinently says:

"Let the reader imagine a digest of English history, complete, from the time of Julius Cæsar to the reign of that Harold who was slain at Hastings, and from the times of Edward III. down to the present day, but bearing no record of the Williams, the Henrys, the Edwards, the Johns, the Stephens, and Richard, that reigned during the omitted period, or of the striking and important events by which their several reigns were distinguished. A chronicle thus mutilated and incomplete would be no unapt representation of a geological history of the earth, in which the period of the Upper Silurian would be connected with the Mountain Limestone, or of the Limestone of Burdie House, and the period of the Old Red Sandstone omitted."

Again:

"Is it not a curious reflection that the commercial greatness of Britain, at the present day, should be closely connected with the towering and thickly-spread forests of arboraceous ferns and gigantic reeds—vegetables of strange form and uncouth names, which flourished and decayed, on its surface, age after age, during the vastly-extended term of the Carboniferous period, ere the mountains were upheaved, and when there was no man, as yet, to till the ground?

"Is it not a reflection equally curious that the invalids of the present summer should be drinking health, amid the recesses of Strathpeffer, from the still more ancient mineral and animal debris of the lower ocean of the Old Red Sandstone, strangely elaborated for vast but unreckoned periods in the bowels of the earth? The fact may remind us of one of the specifics of a now obsolete school of medicine, which flourished in this country about two centuries ago, and which included in its *Materia Medica* portions of the human frame. Among these was the flesh of Egyptian mummies, impregnated with the embalming drugs—the dried sinews and muscles of human creatures who had walked in the streets of Thebes or of Luxor, three thousand years ago."

The following is a magnificent description of the formation of coal measures. Reader and writer are supposed to be on the waves, and among the forests, of the actually submerging world:

"We have entered the coal measures. For seven formations together, our course, from the lower Silurian to the upper old Sandstone, has lain over like oceans without a visible shore, though, like Columbus in his voyage of discovery, we have now and then found a little floating weed, to indicate the approaching coast. The water is fast shallowing. Yonder passes a broken branch, with the leaves still unwithered; and there floats a tuft of fern. Land, from the mast-head! Land, land, land! A low shore thickly covered with vegetation. Huge trees of wonderful form stand out far in the water. There seems no intervening beach. A thick hedge of reeds, tall as the masts of pinnaces, runs along the deeper bays, like water-flags at the edge of a lake. A river of vast volume comes rolling from the interior, darkening the water for leagues with its slime and mud, and bearing with it, to the open sea, reeds, and fern, and cones of the pine, and immense floats of leaves, and here and there some bulky tree undermined and uprooted by the current. We near the coast, and now enter the openings of the stream. A scarce penetrable phalanx of reeds, that attain to the height, and well nigh to the bulk, of forest trees, is ranged on either hand. The bright and glossy stems seem rodded like Gothic columns; the pointed leaves stand out, green at every joint, tier above tier, each tier resembling a coronal wreath, or an ancient crown, with the rays turned outwards; and we see a-top what may be either large spikes or catkins.

"What strange forms of vegetable life appear in the forest behind! Can that be a club-moss that raises its slender height for more than fifty feet from the soil? or can these tall palm-like trees be actually ferns, and these spreading branches mere fronds? And then these gigantic reeds! are they not mere varieties of the common horse-tail of our bogs and morasses magnified some sixty or a hundred times? Have we arrived at some such country as the continent visited by Gulliver, in which he found thickets of weeds tall as woods of twenty years' growth, and lost himself amid a forest of corn fifty feet in height? The lesser vegetation of our own country, its reeds, morasses, and ferns, seem here as if viewed through a microscope; the dwarfs have grown up into giants, and yet there appears to be no proportional increase in size among what are unequivocally its trees. Yonder is a group of what seem to be pines, tall and bulky, it is true, but neither taller nor bulkier than the pines of Norway and America; and the club-moss behind shoots up its green hairy asms, loaded with what seem catkins, above their topmost cones. But what monster of the vegetable world comes floating down the stream, now circling round in the eddies, now dancing on the ripple, now shooting on the rapid? It resembles a gigantic star-fish, or an immense coach-wheel divested of the rim. There is a green dome-like mass in the centre that corresponds to the nave of the wheel or the body of the star-fish; and the boughs shoot out horizontally on every side, like spokes from the nave, or rays from the central body. The diameter considerably exceeds forty feet; the branches, originally of a deep green, are assuming the golden tinge of decay; the cylindrical and hollow leaves stand out thick on every side, like the prickles of the wild rose on the red, fleshy, lance-like shoots of a year's growth, that will be covered two seasons hence with flowers and fruit. That strangely formed organism presents no existing type among all the numerous families of the vegetable kingdom. There is an amazing luxuriance of growth all around us. Scarce can the currents make way through the thickets of aquatic plants that rise thick from the muddy bottom; and though the sunshine falls bright upon the upper boughs of the tangled forest beyond, not a ray penetrates the more than twilight gloom that broods over the marshy platform below. The rank steam of decaying vegetation forms a thick blue haze, that partially obscures the underwood; deadly lakes of carbonic acid gas have accumulated in the hollows; there is silence all around, uninterrupted save by a sudden splash of some reptile fish that has risen to the surface in pursuit of its prey, or when a sudden breeze stirs the hot air and shakes the fronds of the giant ferns or the catkins of the reeds. The wide continent before us is a continent devoid of animal life, save that its pools and rivers abound in fish and mollusca, and that millions and tens of millions of the infusory tribes swarm in the bogs and marshes. Here and there, too, an insect of a strange form flutters among the leaves. It is more than probable that no creature, furnished with lungs of the more perfect construction, could have breathed the atmosphere of this early period and have lived."—*Literature of Labour.*

JERROLDANA.

The English papers are filled with hearty and manly notices of Douglas Jerrold. Whatever faults he may have had in his life—we believe the worst was his biting tongue—were forgiven and forgotten at his death. Only the best of him is remembered—his warm and generous heart, and his sharp and funny sayings.

His place among the wits of our time, says the *Athenæum*, is clear enough. He had less frolic than Theodore Hook, less elaborate humour than Sydney Smith, less quibble and quaintness than Thomas Hood. But he surpassed all these in intellectual flash and strength. His wit was all steel points—and his talk was like squadrons of lancers in evolutions. Not one pun, we have heard, is to be found in his writings. His wit stood nearer to poetic fancy than to broad humour. The exquisite confusion of his tipsy gentleman, who, after scraping the door for an hour with the latch-key, leans back, and exclaims, "By Jove! some scoundrel has stolen—stolen—the key-hole!" comes as near farce as any of his illustrations. His celebrated definition of *dogmatism* as "*puppyism* come to maturity" looks like a happy pun, but is something far more deep and philosophic. Between this, however, and such fancies as his description of Australia—"A land so fat that if you tickle it with a straw, it laughs with a harvest"—the distance is not great. In his earlier time, before age and success had mellowed him to his best, he was sometimes accused of ill-nature—a charge which he vehemently resented, and which seemed only ludicrous to those privileged with his friendship. To folly, pretence and assumption he gave no quarter, though, in a fair fight; and some of those who tried lances with him long remembered his home thrust. We may give two instances without offence; for the combatants are all gone from the scene. One of those playwrights who occupied Old Drury, under the French, against whom he waged ceaseless war of epigram, was describing himself as suffering from fever of the brain. "Courage, my good fellow," said Jerrold; "there is no foundation for the fact." When the flight of Guizot and Louis Philippe from Paris was the fresh talk of London, a writer of no great parts was abusing the revolution, and pitying Guizot. "You see," he observed, "Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat." "Ay, ay," says Jerrold; "but not with the same sculls." Yet such personal encounters were but the play of the panther. No man ever used such powers with greater gentleness. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, his fault, as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say "No." His purse (when he had a purse) was at every man's service, as were also his time, his pen and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling, somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. The first time he ever saw Tom Dibden, that worthy gentleman and song-writer said to him, "Youngster, have you sufficient confidence in me to lend me a guinea?" "Oh, yes," said the author of "Black-Eyed Susan," "I have all the confidence, but I haven't the guinea."

Jerrold was an excessively nervous man, and on the first representation of any of his pieces suffered indescribable torments. A brother dramatist (remarkable for his successful specimens of "fair adaptation or imitation" from the French) on one such occasion sought to rally the trembling scribe, by stating that he himself never felt any nervousness on the first production of his own pieces. "Oh, my boy," said Douglas, "but then you are always so sure of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

He asked me, one day, in the green-room of the Haymarket, what could be John Oxenford's motive in translating "Tartuffe," when there already existed an English version of the play (meaning the "The Hypocrite", with which the public were very well satisfied. I told him I supposed the piece had been "done to order."

"Yes," he said, "that must be it; and I have no doubt that it will be done to a good many orders."

A specimen of the genus "swell" entered the room and introduced himself to Jerrold. His excuse for that liberty was, mutual acquaintance with an actress, more remarkable for her beauty and talents than for—well, than for other recommendations.

The swell said, "I believe you know a very particular friend of mine—Mrs. ——?"

"I have met with an actress of that name," Jerrold replied; "but she cannot be the very particular friend you allude to."

"Pardon me; it is the same person."

"Pardon me; the lady I speak of is not very particular."

Notwithstanding the large sums of money Mr. Douglas Jerrold has been earning for the last ten years, he has made no provision for his family. He was in the receipt of one thousand pounds a year from *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, as much from *Punch*, to say nothing of his other literary and dramatic productions. Benefits are to be given in aid of the widow and family, through the kindness of Messrs. Webster, Buckstone, Arthur J. Chappell, and others, at the Haymarket and Adelphi theatres and the Royal Surrey Gardens. At the former theatre, that veteran legitimate and dramatic tar—for he was a midshipman at Trafalgar—Mr. T. P. Cooke, will play William in Mr. Jerrold's play of "Black-Eyed Susan." Mr. W. H. Russell, the London *Times* Crimean correspondent (by the permission of his *impressario*, Mr. Beale), will give a reading, and Messrs. Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Albert Smith, promise something in the same way.

One of Jerrold's last hits was at Prince Albert. Speaking of Constantine, and the flying visit that he made to England, Jerrold says he went to thank Prince Albert for the private information he gave the Russians during the war!

FECUNDITY OF WRITERS.

There are some writers, according to Vigneul Marville, who have extreme difficulty in beginning; but when that point is once achieved, and the way open, they go on rapidly. The first lines of the history of M. de Thou cost him more trouble than all the rest, but, that difficulty once surmounted, he sped on with great rapidity. Others have great facility in writing, but take a long time to polish their works. In this category we may class Horace against the Romans, M. de Rabutin with ourselves; such, in fact, are the greater number of prudent people, who, born writers, follow at first the impulse of nature, which subsequently requires both correction and finish. Others, in fine, but that is their misfortune, write in a hurried manner, and do not revise their works. M. de Saumaise was of this description—a dangerous character which uniformly suffers, but which serves no point either as a model or example to any one. Fabius Leonida, an Italian poet, dwelt a long time on his works, and retouched them more than ten times, in order to give them the perfection he was desirous they should possess. Pierre Mafée, who has written so well in Latin, composed only fourteen or fifteen lines a day. Paulus Emilius Sanctorius, who had undertaken to write a Latin history of his time, was so long polishing what he did that another would in less time have written a history of the whole world. M. de Vaugelas was thirty years engaged in the translation of Quintius Curtius, changing and correcting it unceasingly. M. Habert, of the Academy, author of the "Temple de la Mort," which is one of the most beautiful pieces of French poetry, changed and rechanged during three years the metre of this work, in order that it might attain the beauty, polish and elegance which he ambitioned. It was not without much vigilance and very hard labour that Malherbe produced his divine poetry. M. de Balzac passed days and nights arranging his thoughts to attain that perspicuity of style and choice of words for which we admire him at the present day.

The manuscripts of Ariosto are full of erasures. This may be seen in the autograph manuscript preserved at Florence, the celebrated stanza in which he described a tempest, written in sixteen different ways.

Petrarch re-made one of his verses forty-six times.

The manuscripts of Tasso are illegible in consequence of all the corrections.

Pascal re-made as often as sixteen times one of his "Provinciales."

Buffon re-copied eleven times the manuscripts of the "*Epoques de la Nature.*"

Bucquet, an erudite Frenchman of the eighteenth century, re-read fifty times, and copied himself fourteen times, one of his works, "*Sur la Justice.*"

In the dedication of the first book of the "Silves," addressed to Stella, the author dwelt with complacency on the rapidity with which he had composed these poems, "a rapidity," writes he, "which was not to me without pleasure; none had cost me more than two days; some even of the most imaginative but one day. I feared much that they would not carry with them the proofs which I advanced. The lines on the colossal statue of Domitian, for which the Emperor had had the extreme condescension to solicit my muse, I had to deliver the next day, which was the inauguration. The epithalamium which you have commanded, you know should be an affair of two days. Assuredly it is a great undertaking, seeing that there are in the piece two hundred and seventy-two hexameters."

Gaspar Barthius, a German savant, who died in 1587, "was not more than sixteen years of age," said Baillet, "when he composed a treatise or a dissertation in form of a letter on the manner of reading with profit the authors of the Latin language, commencing with Ennius to the end of the Roman Empire, and continuing from the decline of the language up to the critics of these latter times, who have reëstablished the ancient authors." It was a composition which the author assures us cost him but the labour of one day of four-and-twenty hours.

Dumonin, a French author of the sixteenth century, took two months to translate, in seven thousand Latin verses, "*La Sematne*" of Dubartas.

The Italian Ferreri composed, in three days, a poem in Latin ("Lugdunense Somnium"), of a thousand hexameter verses, on Leo X.

"*L'Eloge de la Folie*" was a labour of only seven days to Erasmus.

Chapman, an English poet (died 1634), translated in four months the twelve last books of the Iliad.

Guillard Danville, gendarme of the Queen, author of "*La Chastète*," a heroi-comical poem (1624, in duodecimo), took care to apprise his readers that he commenced this work during an official voyage across Styria, and concluded it on repairing to Bavaria in France on the king's service. He boasted of having composed more than nine hundred verses in twelve days, without infringing in the least on his other avocations. This was not bad for a gendarme.

Voltaire, at the age of sixty-nine, in 1763, composed the tragedy of "Olympie." "It was the work of six days," wrote he to one of his friends, whose opinion he wished to have on the merit of this piece. "The author should not have taken his rest on the seventh," replied his friend. "He would have repented of his work," replied Voltaire. Some time after, he returned the piece with several corrections.

Mary Darby, a celebrated English actress, who died in 1800, composed in twelve hours a poem, comprising three hundred and fifty verses. It is but just to say that the greater number of these works, written thus hurriedly, lived but as short a time as was taken to compose them.

Two theologians of the fourth century, Didymus and Theodorus, have left, the former six thousand, the latter ten thousand volumes, or we had better say one six thousand and the other ten thousand treatises.

The works of Alfred the Great (died 1280), published in 1654, formed twenty-one volumes in folio. The "Speculum Majus," of Vincent de Beauvais, were composed in ten volumes in folio.

The Chronicle of Horneck, a German historian of the thirteenth century, contained eighty-three thousand verses. The style of this Chronicler was equally good as that of Hennin, author of a poem of a hundred songs. Soyouth, an Arabic author of the fifteenth century, has left more than sixty works on all subjects. The celebrated *Meistersænger* Hans-Sachse, who died in 1576, has left, between all his writings, twenty-six comedies, and twenty-seven tragedies sacred, and fifty-two comedies, and twenty-eight tragedies profane; sixty-four farces of the carnival; fifty-nine fables; one hundred and sixteen allegorical tales; one hundred and ninety-seven comic tales, and three hundred and seven poems, sacred and profane. He had, besides, translated and put into verse several portions of the Bible.

Macedo, a Portuguese Franciscan of the seventeenth century, is author of fifty-three panegyrics, sixty discourses, thirty-two prayers, one hundred and twenty-three elegies, one hundred and fifteen epitaphs, two hundred and twelve dedicatory epistles, seven hundred letters, two thousand six hundred epic poems, five hundred elegies, one hundred and ten odes, three thousand epigrams, four Latin comedies, two tragedies, and one satire in Spanish.

Alexander Hardy was the most prolific author that ever laboured in France for the theatre. He composed six hundred pieces. This was nothing, however, in comparison to the one thousand eight hundred pieces in verse by Lopez de Vega, who, besides, composed twenty-one volumes, in quarto, of poetry, and several minor copies of verses.

Pryme, an English lawyer and scholar of the seventeenth century, has left more than two hundred works, forming forty volumes in folio and in quarto.

We have preserved at the Bodleian librarv, at Oxford, one hundred and twenty-two volumes in folio, writings from the hand of Dodsworth, an English antiquarian of the seventeenth century.

The German Moser, a compiler of the last century, has left four hundred and eighty works, seventeen of which are still unpublished, sixteen are disputed; these would form, in all, a total of seven hundred volumes, whereof there are seventy-one in folio, without including eighty-four volumes of reprints or new editions of his works, nor four volumes of which he was only editor, nor twenty-four dissertations or articles which he had furnished for three periodical compilations, nor twenty-six numbers of weekly notices of literary news from Suabia.

Another German, Krunitz, who died in 1796, composed by himself an encyclopædia which, at the period of his death, formed seventy-two huge volumes in octavo.

The author of "Manon Lescaut," the Abbé Prevost, wrote more than one hundred and seventy volumes.

The principal works of Restif de la Bretonne formed one hundred and forty-six volumes in duodecimo.

The journalist Freron is author of two hundred and fifty volumes. They attribute to Figueinedo, a Portuguese savant of the eighteenth century, one hundred and sixty-nine works, sixty-eight of which have been printed; to Madame Le-prince Beaumont, who died at the age of seventy, seventy volumes; to Ducra-Dumesnil, ninety-five; to a German romance writer, Lafontaine, descendant of the French refugees, seventy-five romances in two hundred and ten volumes.

The catalogue of the works of Gail makes five hundred pages quarto.

The manuscripts of the learned botanist, Adanson, on Natural History, were composed of one hundred and twenty volumes, and of seventy-five thousand representations.

Dinge, a French writer, rather unknown (died in 1832), has left autograph manuscripts which weigh four hundred kilogrammes.

The Chinese authors have not been, as far as we can perceive, less prolific than ours. In the last century, the Emperor Khiang-Loung wished to make choice of some of the *chefs-d'œuvres* of Chinese literature; this selection could not contain fewer than one hundred and eighty thousand volumes. In this collection are noted three works written by Europeans.—*Quarterly Review.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

It appears that tobacco occasionally confers *post-mortem* privileges on its votaries. A savage of the Fejee Islands informed Commodore Wilkes that his fellow-islanders had refrained from eating one sailor of a crew they had killed "because he tasted too much like tobacco."

——At a party at which Theodore Hook was present, a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes. Hook immediately roared out—

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes,
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes.
I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary.

——New Plan of Preaching in London.—A plan has been advertised, under the sanction of the Bishop of London, and the rector of the parish in which Exeter Hall is situated, to open that building on Sunday evenings, for public religious service, to comprise a series of sermons to the working classes. Mr. Spurgeon's eminent success is thought to have induced this step. The Bishops of Carlisle and Ripon, Rev. Dr. Neile, of Liverpool, and other eminent clergymen are advertised among the preachers on successive Sunday evenings.

——Cardinal Wiseman on the Sabbath.—Cardinal Wiseman says, in one of his sermons, that the Roman Catholic Church has ever held that, religious duties duly performed, the Christian Sunday is to be regarded and used by all, and especially by the great bulk of the people, as a day of innocent amusement and recreation, and that such should be afforded to them by the State by every means in its power. This, he thought it right to declare publicly, was and is the mind of the Church of Christ (Roman Catholic) on the subject.

——The following account is given of the preaching of one Lestadius, an old Lapp missionary, who died in 1841, which description is from a Norwegian gentleman who "sat under him." "There was something very peculiar about that Lestadius," said he; "his great talent lay in a kind of sensuous and vivid presenting of Scripture truth, which often was really coarseness. I remember an instance. He had been once speaking of believers partaking of the communion supper, and then going off to commit sin, just as before. 'Ye eat of the body of Christ!' said he. 'Does it digest? do ye take it into your vitals? does it become your blood or your life? No, ye are hypocrites! Ye go out into secret places, *and spit it all out!*'"

——Sailing of Lady Franklin's Expedition.—The Fox screw steamer, fitted out at Aberdeen by Lady Franklin, sailed from that port lately in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew. The vessel has been supplied with every article of equipment which could possibly be desired, and many and valuable have been the gifts that have been presented to aid in the department of provisions. There was a large concourse of spectators present when the Fox left the docks, who cheered Captain McClintock and his gallant crew lustily as they passed along. Lady Franklin and her niece, Sophia, were present. The Fox steamed away to the north, and is expected to make the ice in a week or ten days.

——Lieut. Walpole speaks of an old Arabic MS. at Mosul, in the first chapters of which the author declares that Nimrod was a smoker; and there exists at the British Museum an Assyrian cylinder whereon may be seen a king smoking, through a long reed, from a round vessel. The same author narrates a Persian legend, to the effect that Shiraz tobacco was given by a holy man to a virtuous youth, disconsolate at the loss of a loving wife. "Go to thy wife's tomb," said the anchorite, "and there thou wilt find a weed. Pluck it, place it in a reed, and inhale the smoke as you put fire on it. This will be to you wife and mother, father and brother," continued the holy man in Homeric strain, "and, above all, will be a wise counsellor, and teach thy soul wisdom and thy spirit joy."

——The world first fixed upon the late Andrew Crosse the pretension of having created insects by chemical combination; and all who did not laugh called him an infidel, and an atheist, and a deist, and an incendiary. The last he was, for he had been heating flint to white heat at his very first process. One gentleman wrote to him to inform him that he was a disturber of the peace of families, and a reviler of our holy religion; to which Mr. Cross replied that he was sorry to see the faith of his neighbours could be upset by the claw of a mite. He was accused in the local papers of being the cause of a blight which took place about the time. At an election a stranger noticed a knot of farmers hissing the speaker furiously. On asking the reason, one of them said, "Why, don't you know him? that's Crosse of Broomfield, the thunder and lightning man; you can't go near his cursed house at night without danger of your life: them as have been there have seen devils, all surrounded by lightning, dancing on the wires he has put up round his grounds."

——The Nightingale Fund.—The committee appointed at the great meeting of the 29th of November, 1855, to raise by public subscription a sum of money to be presented to Miss Nightingale as "a record of national gratitude," and "to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance and protection of nurses and hospital attendants," have just made their final report. They give an account of £44,020, which they have received, and announce that they have discharged their latest duty by transferring the sums collected to Lord Monteagle, the Right Hon. Sydney Herbert, M.P., R. Monckton Milnes, Esq., M.P., C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., and Edward Marjoribanks, jr., Esq., to be by them appropriated to the purpose set forth in the original resolutions of the subscribers. More than one-fifth of the whole sum collected has been contributed by the army. It is requested that all further subscriptions designed to augment this fund may be paid into the bank of Messrs. Coutts & Co., to the account of Miss Nightingale's trustees.

——Charlotte Bronté was above all things, says the *Leader*, an artist. A characteristic trait of this internal fire, not recorded in Mrs. Gaskell's volumes, was once called forth accidentally at a literary party, and, slight as it is, it affords an insight into her nature. Several attempts had been made to draw out the reserved young lady, then the newest lion of society. She answered with her eyes rather than her lips, and appeared to be observing more than responding. A gentleman in the party hazarded an opinion that the class of artists is always, as he expressed it roughly, "vagabond," from the two-fold circumstance that the artist has to deal with the native passions of human nature in their full development, and that he has to observe in his feeling, and therefore in his actions, permanent laws which are seldom consistent with the transitory laws of usage and fashion; hence the tendency of the artist tribe, whether in music, painting or poetry, to be in one sense vagrant. The eminent *litterateur* to whom the remark was addressed combated it with ability and with the authority of a most prosperous and distinguished position. Currer Bell herself put in a remark or two—warmed into the subject—with a fire that forgot restraint, took the defence of the original position out of the mouth of the unknown gentleman who had started the question, and pressed hard upon the polished *litterateur*, who disclaimed the vagabondage of the artist tribe.

——Lord Brougham on Mistakes of the Press.—In the course of a discussion in the British House of Lords, on an article in the London *Examiner*, alleged to be a libel on Lord Plunkett, Bishop of Tuam, Lord Brougham remarked that with regard to the article which had been read, it was, no doubt, strictly speaking, a breach of the privileges of their Lordships' House; but of what use would it be to contend with the press in such cases as these? He remembered on one occasion his friend, Mr. Mariott, was represented in a newspaper as having said at a public meeting in the city that he would not go in procession to that "d—d old church," meaning some particular church in the city of London. He felt much annoyed at the circumstance, and wrote a letter to the editor, in which he stated that his actual words were that he would not go to that "damp old church" (a laugh). The next day there appeared in the newspaper a statement to this effect: "We have given a place in our columns to the contradiction which Mr. Mariott has made; but, at the same time, we think it right to say that we have referred the matter to our reporter, who is certain that he used the words 'd—d old church,' and to add that we have the most perfect confidence in the accuracy of our reporter" (great laughter). The gentleman complained to him of that treatment, and he (Lord Brougham) recommended him in future not to be too hasty in contradicting any statement that might appear in a newspaper (hear, hear).

——Mr. Barry (son of Sir Charles) has recently paid a visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, in order to aid the trustees of the house in which Shakspeare was born, with his advice as to the best mode of upholding and preserving it. It was wished by some members of the Committee of the fund so liberally presented by Mr. John Shakspeare, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, to take the opinion of Sir Joseph Paxton as to laying out the ground; but his engagements were such that no degree of zeal, even for Shakspeare, would enable him to spare time for the purpose, although very urgently solicited before Mr. Barry was called in. Mr. Barry has gone over the whole of the premises, purchased in the first instance by the national fund raised about ten years ago, and since materially added to by the supplemental and most liberal gifts of an individual of the same name as the great dramatist's father, who for a number of years occupied the house and garden in Henley street. We believe that Mr. Barry has already prepared and presented his report to the trustees of both funds; but we have not yet heard what particular recommendations it contains. As soon as we are made acquainted with them, we shall lay them before our readers.

——A good anecdote is given of Lord Jeffrey in the present number of *Fraser*: "It happened, one autumn, that the late Lord Jeffrey, after the rising of the Court of Session, came to spend the long vacation in the parish of L——. Soon after his arrival, the minister intimated from the pulpit that upon a certain day he would 'hold a diet of catechising' in the district which included the dwelling of the eminent judge. True to his time, he appeared at Lord